THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GONE BY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Does Love change, or is it we?
For I recollect a time
When I used to hoard for treasure
Every flower one gave to me,
Every little tender rhyme,
Softly kissed first in my pleasure.

Then we said, Love lives forever,
Never changes, never falters,
And in Heaven will be the same:
O, our firm trust in that "never,"
O, our hearts that on Love's altars
Fed its pure consuming flame!

Years have passed, and Love has passed,
Flower and rhyme long since thrown by,
But the brave fair world remaineth,
And I find some crowns that last,
Some delights that will not fly,
In Love's stead, sweet Love that paineth.

Love kept all my thoughts in riot
With strange fears and sudden blisses,
Till at last the end dawned gravely;—
Now my life is free and quiet,
Calm and strong, by what it misses—
Love, I do without you bravely!

But I read a simple story
Last night in my lonely room
Of two lovers who were true,
Ah! it stole the light from glory,
Turned my quiet to soft gloom
With a hint of loss to rue.

After all then, have I failed?
Lost the best in false content?
Or am I the only wise?
If all wrong, what had availed,
What could keep that love which went,
How did we lose Paradise?

Old friend, now so far, so far,
Do you ever faintly wonder
What marred love, or what estranged us?
We can but say such things are,
Sadly, softly, fates may sunder,
Something more than we has changed us.

And now it is late, so late
It were weak to feel regret.
Calm, apart, for aye we dwell;—
But before I smile at fate,
Let me sigh, ere we forget,
Farewell, Love,—dear Love, farewell!

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &C.

CHAPTER V.

ICE AND FIRE.

Mrs. Wallace's carriage waited at the lodge gate of The Poplars, and her man brought up her card and message:—"Should she have the pleasure of carrying the young ladies to the Glen?"

Certainly, they would be most happy, and would not detain her a moment. In fact Olivia was already dressed and waiting, so were her sisters, it was only Miss Raye who had to be stayed for.

Whatever perversity tempted that young lady to delay as she did, it could not affect the placid Miss Copeland's temper outwardly. She sat down quietly and gravely, merely glancing at her watch, which showed that the hour first named for their starting had already passed.

Leonore, with the nervous aid of the twin sisters, who were darting about gathering up everything she did not want, and mislaying all she needed, seemed in a fair way to remain in disorder the rest of the day.

At last she sat down in despair, and doggedly announced her determination to stay at home, at which both Adah and Bertha gave way to despondency.

"Oh, pray do not, if it is your belt that annoys you here is another, or if your gloves are not at hand here is your case with a whole set." Bertha urged this almost crying, and Adah looked imploringly in the face of the flushed and impatient little lady, but Miss Copeland quietly begged to know if that were really her intention.

"For Mrs. Wallace is waiting, you know, and I think it is hardly civil to detain her any longer."

"Go," cried Leonore petulantly, "in pity's name, go; you provoke and annoy me with your dreadful calmness and methodical precision. I shall stay at home."

Without further parley Olivia rose, she was not a particle ruffled by the babyish sharpness and ill temper of the perplexing little miss, but her tender-hearted sisters were nearly in tears, and declared they should take no pleasure.

"Then you will be a pair of silly things," remarked the object of their solicitude ungraciously. "I should not enjoy looking like a mute, and am delighted to remain at home."

With this unpropitiatory avowal, she threw herself on a couch in the midst of her scattered adornments, and burst out laughing in a disagreeable tone. Miss Copeland hurried down to the great portico, under which Mrs. Wallace's carriage was now drawn up, and made many apologies for the delay to that gracious lady, none of which in the least reflected on the temper and petulance of Miss Leonore Raye.

Mrs. Wallace made an effort to regret the absence of the pretty little heiress, but it was very slight. She somehow divined that despite the good-tempered and sensible manner in which Miss Copeland always alluded to her, the diminutive lady was no favorite with the young mistress of The Poplars; as for the twin sisters and their slavish adherence to their little friend, she regarded them too lightly to give the matter any serious consideration. But those young ladies themselves were not inclined to regard their deprivation so lightly.

"It is too bad that Leonore is not here," cried Bertha, as turning the road downward to the Glen, they came in sight of the merry throng of brilliantly dressed figures already gliding over the shining ice. The prospect of so much enjoyment lost to the companion of their loneliness at home affected Adah almost to tears.

"Why did we allow her to sacrifice the whole afternoon because Olivia was in such haste," said she discontentedly. "It annoys her to be hurried, and Olivia was in such a fussy state."

"I?" said her sister reproachfully; "you mistake, Adah, I sat waiting quietly; but pray don't let Mrs. Wallace hear you say these things, it would sound so badly to strangers."

Olivia looked around her on every side, whilst her chaperone's attention was employed in greeting their hostess. No Mr. Wallace was to be seen, nor had his mother in any way alluded to his absence.

This was quite inexplicable, and the decorous girl was debating with herself whether it were better to inquire naturally about him or keep silence on the subject, when Mrs. Darwood, the voluble, relieved her by assuming the duty.

"And where is that charmingly indolent cynic, your son, my dear Mrs. Wallace; I have solemnly pledged myself to a half dozen pretty young ladies that he shall skate with them all. Of course he skates, or can, if he would. Now I feel confident that he has mines of indomitable will and unconquerable energy under that calm imperturbable front of his; nothing can equal skating as a developer of character, and if I can once get him on the ice, I shall answer for his waking up to a new existence of fire and fervor."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Darwood," smiled his complacent mamma, "I have a fancy that Louis has succumbed to a subtler power; like all the knights of old he determined never to be a hero until he had chosen a lady worthy of his worship."

Olivia's self-command could not prevent the tingling blood from rushing to her cheeks at these words, but her tact suggested to her to hide the glow by turning to the windows that opened on the lawn.

"But you have not told me where the embryo knight is straying," cried Mrs. Darwood, as they ranged themselves in the chairs and couches that filled the window recesses.

"Why that I do not know, really," confessed the mother; "there is a Mr. Raye, a fellow traveller in Scotland, who is paying us a flying visit, and although he started to go into the city this morning, it is just possible that Louis may have prevailed on him to remain, and is now with him."

"Oh, what a pretty sleigh, look, look! Isn't it charming? I have not seen anything so graceful since we left Munich."

It was Mrs. Barton Wetherington cried this, clapping her hands in admiration, and pointing to the lightest and airiest construction imaginable, that was dashing up the road gayly, with floating furs and tingling bells.

Olivia looked out and saw to her astonishment that the beautiful vehicle held two figures, the one a gentleman, Mr. Louis Wallace, the other a slender little creature that bounded almost into his arms as he assisted her to alight, and showed the pretty, brilliant, laughing face of Leonore Raye. But Olivia felt something more than surprise, there was another feeling awakened by the sight, and every effort of her will was given to keeping the expression of it out of her face. Her gushing sisters laughed for joy. It was so delightful of Leonore to come, and how fortunate that Mr. Wallace should have gone there to give her a delightful drive in that pretty sleigh.

"It was shockingly improper," thought Olivia to herself, but she said not a word.

"Doubly welcome," cried Mrs. Darwood. "You bring such a sweet excuse that we cannot chide your delay."

"Yes, I was moping and feeling like Cinderella left at home, because my buckles got twisted, and my belt wouldn't slide through easily, when hither comes the prince himself, instead of a withered old god-mother, and straightens the buckle, fastens the belt, and best of all, gave me that skimming, floating, flying delight, a sleigh ride."

Olivia bit her lips secretly, she felt sorry and ashamed for this thoughtless being, whose eccentricity was bold and coarse, she said to herself.

Her impulsive sisters kissed the pretty fairy for being so good as to allow herself to take the pleasure, and in her turn the little lady kissed them tenderly, and said with self reproach in her tone—

"I was cross—I'm sorry for it now; but I hate calm people to watch me while I'm in a hurry."

"Ah, Miss Copeland, forgive—I was looking for you on all sides, but for once you were eclipsed in the shadow of my mother's spacious velvet gown."

Olivia smiled sweetly, she was far too wise too look vexed.

"What a beautiful sleigh you have," she said, "I have been looking at it from the window."

"Yes, it runs well over such crisp, dry snow as we have to-day. To-morrow may be slushy, and its possession prove a nuisance. It isn't worth while taking an interest in these things."

Olivia smiled again; it was not her way to argue a point, besides she felt in her heart the young gentleman did not mean what he said, but had found that an affectation of indifference was a popular style, and adopted it accordingly.

"Your mother was good enough to call for us, and she said that you were engaged with a gentleman visitor; Mr. Raye, she called him. It is a peculiar name; and I have been wondering whether he may not belong to Miss Raye's family."

"Yes—to be sure—" said Louis, awaking to an appearance of some interest; "positively, the same idea struck my own mind; and I even went so far as to mention it to my friend Raye, who is a delightful man, and so perfectly companionable that one forgets all about his superior age. And, let me see, what did my friend say,—oh, yes, I know now; he said he couldn't express an opinion on the subject, for he had never heard of any branch of the immediate family leaving an orphan, and he was not quite sure of any other Raye belonging to the same stock existing in this country."

They stood together at the great bay window in the centre of the drawing-room, they were supposed to be looking out at the skaters; but, although Olivia's eyes were bent in that direction, she could not distinguish one of the swiftly gliding figures from another. Her mind was set on discovering how and why her companion went to The Poplars; still she gave no sign of her curiosity on the subject, but quietly smiled and nodded in approval of his criticisms or suggestions concerning the skaters.

"You *must* come, Mr. Wallace; positively and absolutely you *must* come. I have given my pledge to so many of my guests, that I should be utterly bankrupt in credit if you refuse me; Miss Copeland, add your commands, I pray you."

"I should be delighted, of course," said Olivia. "What is that?" she cried, almost excitedly, "Miss Raye joining the skaters!" She controlled herself, and murmured, "oh, I had forgotten—Miss Raye cannot be judged as other people."

There she was, actually putting her little figure into a loose, fur sacque, and accepting the loan of a scarlet velvet cap and plume from a tired skater.

"You must guide me at first, Mr. Wallace," she said. "It is two years since I was on the ice, and I fear I shall be awkward to begin with."

What was it that Olivia heard Mr. Wallace say with unwonted enthusiasm?

"That would be simply impossible."

And then he was arranging her wrappings, and abetting this recreant from decorum and the rules of society, while Mrs. Darwood gayly instructed her in the art of looping and festooning her sombre drapery into imitation of the gay dresses of the out-door belles.

Mrs. Wallace did not approve of her son's interest in the business. She drew near the inwardly agitated and outwardly calm Olivia.

"Miss Raye is such an odd little lady," she suggested, "so fanciful and—and erratic."

"My sisters find her a very agreeable companion," said discreet Miss Copeland. "She has very high spirits at times."

"Certainly; I have remarked that to Louis, and he calls her an Undine, and thinks her pranks fascinating."

This was not agreeable, nor was it pleasant to the elder sister to keep her unmoved face turned smilingly towards the merry party, who constantly appealed to her about the odd masquerading figure they were making out of the skating debutante; but she bore it quietly and amiably, and when the laughing, shouting party started off together, and presently made their appearance among the skaters, she earnestly thanked Heaven that Miss Raye had now asserted her own independence, and could no longer be considered as under her guardianship; but the next instant her heart sank within her as she recalled the influence this singular creature had established over the two girls whom her own life had been devoted to training and caring for if not to loving.

Bertha and Adah crowded themselves into the window, and flattened their faces against the glass, watching.

"Is she not bold and fearless; just see how she distances them all," cried Mrs. Darwood. "How absurd in her, to beg Mr. Wallace's assistance and feign timidity—why, she skates better than Mr. Baird, the lion of the party."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Mrs. Barton Wetherington, "it's perfectly charming to see her whirling and spinning round them all like a fairy tee-to-tum; and how lovely she looks with that glow and sparkle in her face. She's entirely bewitching; and if I'm not mistaken, Mr. Louis Wallace is of my opinion too."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Wallace, with a trifle of nervousness in her manner, "every one must admire Miss Raye; and Louis is extremely susceptible to beauty. She is a sort of toy, a pretty thing to look at and be captivated with for a time." And the wary mother glanced covertly at Olivia, hoping to see that she understood and appreciated the distinction she would make between such a light fancy and the admiration and respect that would last.

But Olivia only looked calm and lady-like, and the jealousy and anxiety she felt was in no wise betrayed by her watchful face.

Outside all was joyous uproar and hilarity, shouts of laughter and echoes of applause at each triumph and failure in the high art of traversing the frozen surface with dexterous ease and varied grace. Mr. Baird, a young gentleman just returned from ten years of German University life, with a good spice of travel in the northern countries of Europe, had been holding supreme sway as ice king, until this little made-up figure dashed in to dispute his realm. The moment the skate buckles clasped her tiny feet, that instant she threw off all affectation of fear or need of encouragement; with a toss of her shining curls she darted into the circle of skaters, and went flying hither and thither in symmetrical complication, distancing all competition, and confusing the brains of her breathless admirers. The fresh, sharp air warmed her cheeks into a brilliant blush, and waved the scarlet plume of her cap and the rich, loose flow of her curling hair; she wrapped her fur jacket tightly round her, and folded her arms, as with her head jauntily poised, she flew down the long line of merry applauders, who ceased to strive for personal display in the enthusiasm her nimble grace created. Mr. Wallace, who had hitherto contented himself with simply moving along in an upright position, found his ambition fired, and with sudden energy sprang into action. Swift as a wooer urged by the desperate hope of love, he pursued the tiny modern Atlanta, who seeing the chase, redoubled her speed and the cunning of her motion. Gayly they flew, while all the rest gave space and bravos to the two. Now he would gain upon her as she stopped to whirl in a fantastic reel like the bewildering figures of an elfin dance; then with a sudden sweep she would go speeding by like a swift arrow, almost cheating sight-seeing; in her triumph she would laugh and shake her scarlet feather gayly, as challenging him to fresh exertion, and dallying while he waited, would do such wondrous pranks with those tiny flying feet, that all would shout renewed approvals. Joining in the applause, her pursuer cunningly endeavored to take her unawares, and slowly and steadily circled around with subtile intent to make her captive; but those sparkling eyes were keen to detect the design, and she flew away from his outstretched hand like a wild bird on the wing.

Suddenly, in the midst of her triumph and in the full glow of the admiration and gay delight she had awakened, she threw herself down on the snow bank outside the rim of the pond and unbuckled and flung aside her skates.

To Mr. Baird's pathetic entreaty that she would not desert them, and the complimentary prayers of the whole party that she should remain just a little longer, she curtly answered, "No, I'm tired now," and ran off like Cinderella at the ball, just when the prince grew thoroughly infatuated with the dance which would lose its charm without her.

The party in the drawing-room received the gay performer on the ice with enthusiastic praises, but her fond admirers, Bertha and Adah, were obliged to express their intense delight in secret kisses.

"For you're just a darling fairy," cried Adah, "and I will have no peace till I see you do it all again."

"Cannot we have a slippery place made at The Poplars, Olivia?" whispered Bertha, pleadingly; "it would give us all such fun, and then Leonore could teach you, too. You should like to learn, should you not?"

No one was by, and the fair face looked so exceedingly innocent as to be almost meaningless in the eyes of the elder sister; therefore she surely may be excused for saying, with most unwonted sharpness,

"You're a goose, Bertha."

Meantime Mr. Wallace was added to the party, and was gayly receiving and returning a shower of badinage.

"Distanced by a lady," cried Mrs. Darwood.

"And capable of such deep laid and cunning plans as we saw him execute to overtake her," echoed Mrs. Barton Wetherington.

"The most determined pursuit I ever saw," assented Miss Jennie Grover.

"And the most completely foiled pursuer," laughed her sister.

The heroine of the skaters had thrown aside every trace of her ice regalia, and coolly looking up into her knight's face, asked with demure simplicity,

"Did you really try to overtake me?"

"I am completely exhausted with the efforts I made, and the mortification of defeat combined," answered he, seriously, and then he yawned slightly, and turning, dropped into a Turkish chair.

"I am glad I was able to make you appear as if you were doing something at all events," she said quietly. "It was much less stupid and quite as little trouble as you take to look idle."

Two feminine hearts beat with any other than tender emotion for the fair speaker as she delivered herself of this opinion. To hide their feelings, both commenced speaking at once to each other.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Wallace, "I was just going to say, shall I set you down at The Poplars, or cannot I persuade you to let us have this evening at Riverbend."

"And I was just going to ask you to remain with us for tea. You know you were speaking of my aunt's curious collection of English prints. Well, I have just discovered the portfolio that contains them, and hoped to show them to you," said Miss Copeland.

"One moment and I will ask Louis if Mr. Raye left for New York, and then of course I shall be delighted to avail myself of the pleasure."

Crossing the room, she soon returned.

"Yes, we will come, but you must promise me to dine with us on Thursday, when Mr. Raye returns. Louis promised his friend the pleasure of meeting you."

Miss Copeland, after begging to be excused from a large company, learned that no other guests would be there, and gave a pleased assent. Then she asked Mrs. Darwood to forgive them for running away; they had had a charming afternoon, and would never forget her kindness in remembering them and letting them have her windows for such a delightful view."

"Stay with us, I beg; we are going to have some music, and will try to give you an agreeable evening," cried the earnest and warm hearted hostess.

Miss Copeland smiled sadly.

"It is too early for us to be in society yet, and I see the merry skaters have it in their minds to finish their frolic with a dance. My sisters and I are so much obliged to you for the opportunity of looking on, without in the least joining in the sport."

Thus did that proper young lady draw the line between herself and the unrestrainable Miss Raye, who, wrapped in her heavy mourning, now stood meekly at her side.

"I fear we will crowd you, dear Mrs. Wallace," said Miss Copeland. "Miss Raye not coming with us, I did not think to order our own carriage."

"Will not Miss Raye trust herself to return as she came?" asked Mr. Wallace, drawing on his gloves.

"No," said the unceremonious Miss Raye. "I am heartily tired of ice and snow, and they must allow me to find a corner for myself in the carriage."

"Oh, Adah and I will make room for you easily," cried Bertha, with eagerness; "or, perhaps," she added, as a sudden idea struck her mind, "Olivia would like to take your place in the sleigh. She likes that kind of riding, I know."

Mrs. Wallace gave her son a quick, anxious look; but he was watching Miss Copeland's face.

"Where is my muff?" exclaimed that lady, apparently much engrossed with the search for what was lying on the sofa before her.

"Shall I have the pleasure of driving you, Miss Copeland?" asked Mr. Wallace.

"Driving me?" she repeated, with a little shade of distant surprise, and glanced round with her muff in her hand, as if she had not heard the proposition before.

"I think you would enjoy it, my dear Miss Copeland," murmured Mrs. Wallace.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Raye, laughing, "it is fine fun, only one may have too much of it, and I think it has made Mr. Wallace sleepy, he looks so dull."

Mr. Wallace did not look in the least obliged to her for the suggestion; but he certainly did brighten up and show a greater interest in Miss Copeland's decision.

"Shall you let me drive you?" he asked again, with some feeling in the tone that was almost entreaty.

"You are very good, I am sure," said Olivia, frankly. "I shall be very happy, of course, but I was thinking whether it might not be too tiresome to you."

Of course Mr. Wallace protested that it would be a great pleasure, and his mother and her three young charges packed themselves, furs and all, snugly away in the carriage.

Then Mr. Wallace's sleigh being brought round, he took Miss Copeland's hand and helped her up into the seat, and sprang in beside her. It was twilight now, and the newly risen moon shining upon the snow, mellowed the cold, white scene into stainless beauty. The wind had gone down—there was only the quiet, fresh winter air, that invigorated without stinging; the homeward-bound pair, despite their opposite moods, were blended into harmony with the glittering moonlight and the shimmering beauty of the snow-bound landscape.

"What a lovely night," said Olivia, softly.

"I am thinking regretfully that it is only three quarters of a mile to The Poplars," said he.

"I should think it would be a cheering prospect rather than a depressing one. You say you are easily bored with anything; and you have done so much driving to-day."

"I took Mr. Raye to the depot, and came back by way of The Poplars, hoping to be there in time to drive you over to the Glen. I have had to wait for the pleasure so long, that it is only natural that I should enjoy it intensely when gained."

Her heart beat very fast, but she said, quietly,

"It is very good of you to come to your mother's rescue, when Miss Raye insisted on riding with her. I was quite in despair till you suggested this way out of the difficulty."

"Why should you do me the injustice to force me to materialize a delight by explaining it? I was silently longing for the pleasure that Miss Raye and your sister threw within my reach."

Olivia looked at the fur trimming on her glove-wrists very narrowly, by the aid of the moonlight; then she said, in a faint voice—

"Pray don't think it necessary to pay me idle compliments. I understand people best when they speak plainly to me."

"Could any one look in your face, Olivia, and be false?" he asked. But while her heart was yet throbbing with the strange emotion awakened by hearing him utter her name in a tone almost of fondness, he begged to be forgiven; and said, in a vexed way, that it was not meant for boldness, though he confessed it appeared so.

Miss Copeland did not reply. They were flying gayly over the crisp snow that their horses' hoofs threw off like feathers as they pranced under their tinkling bells.

"Yet I would like if I dared to feel myself your friend, understood and relied on by you. Perhaps I am scarcely worthy the distinction yet, but nothing in all the world could be so great an incentive to worthiness."

He looked steadily into her eyes as he spoke, and pulling his right hand from his furred glove, laid it, with its upturned asking palm, upon her knee.

She looked at it, then at him, and smiled interrogatively—

"Yes, if you can say that you believe me to be true, devoted, and reliable, I beg you to grant me the pledge of your hand. It will give me courage to strive to be something better for your sake."

She ceased smiling, and looked at him with earnest, steadfast eyes.

"Mr. Wallace," she said, "you are a gentleman who has seen the world, and studied life at foreign courts. I am, perhaps, a less experienced girl than I appear, and will be at fearful disadvantage in an acted part. I tell you truly, that I respect you, and shall be glad to call you my friend; and I pray you to be sincere and faithful too, for I shall believe in you entirely."

"Olivia," he said, and his voice trembled with a rare feeling in his dormant soul, "I am unworthy of the blessing I ask, for I am not the man I should be, as you know. Idle, aimless, and discontented, I have frittered away my years in shreds of fancies. But give me, dear girl, the promise that I may be to you, some day, more than I yet dare to ask, and I will waken from the past as from a dream, and enter the future as a real life, where hope buoys on to action, and the thought of winning you will urge me to deserve you."

As he spoke, a strange rush of memory came over the listening girl—the dreary days of childhood when burdened with a woman's cares, she struggled under her mother's fretful suffering, and her sisters' helpless weakness, the school existence where she worked steadily to fit herself to be a teacher, and strove to instruct her sisters in the same vocation, lest her aunt, in some strange whim, should throw them helpless on the world, the great grand change to splendid fortune, the luxury of wealth and dignity of station, and yet withal the lonely heart and mind still full of care. Here, on this moonlight night among the snows, and while the sting of jealous trouble but lately rankled in her heart, she was lifted up to Heaven, for this man at her side was to her the ideal of all that was grand and noble in the world. She laid her trembling hand in his, then bowed her face upon it and wept, for her soul was full.

His hand, wet with her tears, raised her, and his face, flushed with surprise, and the strange feeling that here was something more than he had thought existed, bent close to hers.

"You will let me love you," he whispered, "and will try to feel for me as if I really were what I would wish to be for your sake, will you not?"

He needed no other answer than the beaming look of the wet eyes that glittered all the brighter for their tears. He threw his arm about her, and let the horses dash on with a loose rein.

The lodge gate swung open, and Peter, the keeper, said Mrs. Wallace's carriage had come in five minutes before.

"You're late, Miss Copeland," said Peter, "and I'm afeard you've had a bit of a accident, h'ant you, Miss?"

"Oh no indeed, Peter," cried his young mistress, with so much sweetness in the voice that trembled, despite her efforts to be calm, that the lodge-keeper looked closer in her face, and from that view gleaned the conclusion that he imparted to his wife that evening, by their cheering fire—

"The young lady will be likely to give us a master here before long; and it's a good thing that she's so smart about business and managing things as she is; for he's a slack looking young gent and no mistake."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 18, 1868.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NOTICE.

Back numbers of THE POST, containing the early chapters of "THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS," can be supplied to January 4th.

We are indebted to our old friends for the renewal of their subscriptions, and for the new subscribers whom they have induced to send in their names.

For the warm words of praise with which many of our old subscribers have accompanied the renewal of their subscriptions, we are also grateful. Few things in this world are pleasanter than to have our labors appreciated.

THE OPERA.

The Opera has been well attended so far—the Academy being filled on every evening, with an excellent audience, both as to numbers and quality.

Il Trovatore, with which the season opened, was well cast, and the scenery, &c. effective. Madame Parepa-Rosa sang very well, and looked beautiful. We heard a critic say that her voice reminded him of a sheet of ice with air-holes in it—the air-holes, on an encore, never reappearing in the same place—but we frankly own her performance seemed to us very satisfactory.

Madame Natali-Testa acted Azucena very well indeed. Her voice is not equal to Parepa's, but her acting is better.

Signor Pancani, as Manrico, also did well—but we think the ladies generally thought Leonora very foolish in not preferring the Count di Luna (Signor Bellini), whom she could have married without any difficulty, and lived with happily ever afterwards. Probably however Leonora thought a happy life would have increased her embonpoint to an unendurable extent, and therefore preferred Manrico, with the accompanying trouble and sorrow, as a means of preserving a reasonable degree of slenderness. We rather admire plump ladies however.

After *Il Trovatore* followed *Don Giovanni*, *La Favorita*, and the Carnival of Venice—of which performances we have scarcely room to speak.

The Carnival of Venice was well performed. This is a comic Opera—though all Operas are more or less comic, often the most tragical parts being the most comic—and the music is light, gay and pleasant. Ronconi, as the stupid servant, made a capital piece of acting. Miss Hauck also deserves to be mentioned for her sweet, expressive voice, and fine personal appearance. She is going abroad, it is said; and of course we shall not venture to express a positive opinion upon her merits until we hear what they say of her in Europe. In this we are simply following the common custom of American cities—not only in music, but in literature.

One thing we think in miserable taste in both the Opera and the Theatre, and that is the recognition by the performers of the applause of the audience during the performance, either by bowing, or by repeating the applauded passages. Some singular persons like to lose themselves in the momentary illusion of the piece; but such recognitions by the actors of the presence and applause of the audience, shock one back into the fact of its being merely a play, in a moment. It is a custom, to our mind, "more honored in the breach than the observance." And so also of the practice of calling the performers before the curtain between the acts. It is a vile practice, and not to be endured by any person of taste and refinement.

In conclusion we may say, that if this is not a successful season for our operatic friends, the fault will probably be found in another direction, of which we may perhaps have something to write hereafter.

N. P. E.

We see it stated that owing to the fashion of making costly presents to brides becoming so general, and also to the fact that it is now expected of people attending a wedding that they should bring presents, the number of "regrets" has increased to an alarming extent.

We would recommend, in order to abate this nuisance of giving—or rather forcing the giving—of presents to brides, that the wedding invitations of all sensible couples should contain at the end the letters N. P. E.—No Presents Expected.

THE DICKENS MANIA.—During the prevalence of this mania, it is respectfully suggested to all those who are somewhat given to profanity—both voluntary and involuntary—that they should substitute the name of Dickens for that of his Satanic majesty; and instead of saying, "Oh, the ——," say "Oh, the Dickens;" instead of *Dash it!* say Dickens it! and so on. This will be a step in the right direction, and as the mania gradually subsides, may finally lead to the abandonment of a very bad habit.

PARQUET.

When the "pit" in our theatres was abolished, a number of years ago, and the place converted into a suitable auditory for ladies and gentlemen, it seemed necessary to give it a name.

As where there is a demand, there is generally a supply, so in a short time appeared the word parquet, or, as it was sometimes spelled, parquette. As to the origin of this word, few seemed able to venture an opinion—though the general impression was, of course, that it was French, and applied by that polite people to the place in question.

In the first number of "Lippincott's Magazine," however, we are treated by a correspondent who claims to have investigated the subject, to the following information:—

The name "Parquet" is of very recent use, dating, I think, from the opening of the Academy of Music in New York. *It has no meaning*, and no previous application of the kind anywhere. In Paris, and everywhere on the Continent where French terms are in use, the space in question is invariably called "Parterre." In Italian it is called "Platea," and in Spanish "Patio." Nowhere but in this country is Parquet or Parquette used, and we have not yet a fixed pronunciation for the word. We hear it called *partay* or *porket*, according to the taste (?) of the speaker.

Now, why was this word selected, and *who selected it?* Let us know his name. Why did he not take the French word "Parterre," which is, certainly, a neater and prettier word, and has both a meaning and an application?

As we use it, the word "Parquet" is absurd and unmeaning. There *is* such a word as *parquet* in French, but no *parquette* in any language, not even in our own dictionaries.

In the Dictionary of the Academy (French) the following meanings are given to the word "*parquet*:"

1. The space appropriated to the seats of Judges and Advocates in Courts of Justice.

2. The place where the "Gens du Roi" hold their sittings. *Nem.* The "Gens du Roi" are defined as being "Les Procureurs et Avocats Generaux et les Procureurs et Avocats du Roi."

3. From this, the "Gens du Roi" are sometimes spoken of as the parquet.

4. The place where the officers (Huissiers) of the court sit.

5. The projection from the chimney piece, which we call mantel piece; and lastly—

6. An inlaid flooring of wood, such as is general in Europe, and coming into use here.

In a general way, the word "*parquet*" may be said to apply exclusively to this inlaid wood work.

Now, how *was* this unmeaning word introduced to us, and by whom? Is it too late to drop it and substitute the more euphonious and meaning word "*Parterre?*"

The Directors of our Academy of Music could make the reform in one season by simply adopting and using the word "*parterre*" on their bills and tickets. The other theatres would, no doubt, follow suit.

In the Dictionary of the Academy, "Parterre" is defined as the space in a theatre between the orchestra and the amphitheatre. We call the fourth, or upper tier, of boxes at the Academy the amphitheatre. Why? It is another strange misuse of a name.

F. C.

If the facts be as above stated, we second the motion to abandon Parquet and substitute Parterre. And yet we see that Webster gives the word Parquet—pronouncing it both par-ka and par-ket—and deriving it from the similar French word signifying an inlaid floor, and also as the diminutive of *parc*, an inclosure. He defines it as "commonly applied to the whole lower floor of a theatre, from the orchestra to the dress-circle." As the diminutive of park, and thus meaning a small inclosure—and as also an inlaid floor—the word would not seem to be entirely destitute of proper significance in its theatrical application.

We trust the Directors of the Academy of Music will take suitable measures to investigate this matter, and if they find that parquet is not properly used, give us either parterre, or a better word. As to their use of the word amphitheatre, which means, we suppose, a place *about or around* a theatre, it would apply better to all the tiers of boxes than to any one of them, but still, we infer, is correct. It is however rather too high-sounding a name for a high but very undesirable place, and therefore not in such good taste as should characterise an institution like the Academy of Music.

MR. DICKENS'S READINGS.

We should advise all our readers in this city and vicinity to procure tickets for Mr. Dickens's course, or for at least one or two of his evenings, were it not that at present it would be very difficult for them to follow our advice—every ticket, we believe, having been disposed of.

On his second course, however, they may be more fortunate. Not to have heard Dickens read, will be a thing to regret—twenty years from this time even more than now. When a new generation comes upon the stage, which will know the great author only through his works, those of an older growth, who can describe the celebrated genius as he looked and read in his prime, will find attentive listeners. All this in addition to the pleasure of listening to one who is said to be perhaps the finest reader of his day.

THANKS.—We had just been wishing for a new pen-wiper the other day, when in walked that benevolent gentleman, Mr. Barclay, and said—"Here is a little present that the girls of the House of Refuge have sent you," handing us a pretty new pen-wiper. Really, it is quite an encouragement to go on wishing. We wonder if we were to wish for twenty thousand new subscribers this year, they would come pouring in. There is no harm trying. In the meantime, we are obliged for this pretty little present.

LIGHT AT LAST.—We see this new drama, by Colonel Fitzgerald, very highly spoken of by our daily contemporaries. It is said to have drawn full houses in this city; and we understand that arrangements have been made for its production in New York and elsewhere throughout the country. We are always pleased to see any of our brethren of the press drawing the prizes of life.

☞ Those who support ritualism contend very plausibly that all they desire in church matters is to have their rites.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, from April, 1861, to April, 1865. By ADAM BADEAU, Colonel and Aid-de-camp to the General-in-Chief, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army. This is the first volume of Col. Badeau's history, which will be read with the greatest interest by all classes of men, military and civil. The author's facilities for writing a correct work have been very great. A member of Gen. Grant's personal staff, and with all the necessary official papers open to his inspection, he has had every advantage possible. He says himself:—"I have not meant to state one fact, unless it came under my own personal observation, or has been told me by the general of the army, or one of his important officers, or unless I know it from official papers. When I deviate from this rule, I make the deviation known." Col. Badeau further says that he has seen the *original reports* made by the rebel generals of every battle but two of those he has described. He has also examined closely the original rebel field returns. This first volume brings the narrative down to the period when Grant assumed the command of all the United States armies as Lieutenant General. It is accompanied by maps prepared from official sources. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

OLIVER TWIST. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. With Illustrations by Cruikshank. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price $1.50.

TALES OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price 25 cents.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price 25 cents.

ELSIE'S MARRIED LIFE. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIEL, author of "My Sister Minnie," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price 75 cents.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by Cruikshank. People's Edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price $1.50.

Imagination.

A bumptious worldling, who had never known a genial imagination in his life, accosted a poet one day, on seeing him gaze at a gorgeous sunset with silently moving lips, and began jeering at him. "What do you gain?" said he, "by all this staring and mooning? You do not get rich by it. Why, my tax is more than your revenue. I used often to fear that I myself might become a dreamer; but I took pains to nip all that nonsense in the bud, otherwise I might now be a poor devil like you, with never fifty dollars in my pocket." He pursued this strain some minutes, speaking very rudely.

At length the poet said, "I must tell you of something very extraordinary which happened the other day. An ass was observed by one of his kindred to stand a long while in a state of melancholy abstraction.

"'What ails thee, brother?' said his friend, sympathetically.

"'I was thinking,' answered the other, 'what if I should one day become a man, and have to totter about on my hind-legs only, while the other two, which now enable me to stand so steadily and to run so fast, should merely dangle from my shoulders. However,' he continued, more cheerfully, 'I shall guard against that.' So saying, he planted his fore-legs firmly, as if to assure himself of them; and as a maiden chanced just then to be singing almost divinely under the lindens a little way off, he listened a minute, and then, braying lustily, remarked with pleasure that his voice seemed no less superior to hers than he had observed it to be formerly. 'The change has not begun yet,' he said, with great content; 'and hereafter I will not so much as rear on my hind-legs for a moment, lest I should encourage any tendency that way.'

"It will occur to you that the good creature was not, perhaps, in so much danger as he supposed himself to be."

So saying, he walked away, leaving the other no whit enlightened, and more than ever amazed at his perversity.—*The Radical.*

☞ The New York Sun says that on Monday one of those beautiful islands, whose loveliness gives such a charm to the scenery of Lake George, suddenly disappeared from its accustomed place, amid the trembling of an earthquake, and sank away with the summer residence which it contained. After all was over, it was found that eighty-five feet of water covered the sopt where it had stood.

☞ A newspaper item says the worst cases of chilblains may be cured by covering the affected part with old linen, either by lining the stockings or otherwise. Easily tried.

☞ A party of Chicagoans who have been boring for oil near that city have struck a reservoir of gas which burns red with a blue tinge. We knew Chicago was a very wicked place.

☞ In New York, a few evenings since, two hundred ladies were admitted to the Masonic degree of the Eastern Star. They were all wives, widows or daughters of Masons, and this degree enables them to ask assistance of Masons everywhere when in distress.

☞ The recent earthquake shock in Northern New York is said to have had an extraordinary effect in improving the moral tone of the people—while it lasted!

☞ Mr. Bullock, of Bristol, Rhode Island, aged seventy-eight years, was lately saved from death by a pet cat, who saw the bed had taken fire, and comprehending the exigency of the case, broke a pane in the window, jumped out, ran around to another window, broke a pane there and ran in, awoke another member of the family, and tore at the bedclothes until he got up and discovered the danger of his aged relative.

☞ A gentleman of Milwaukee was passing a shabby woman on the street, when he heard a baby call "Papa" from under her shawl, and noticing the woman's awkward attempt to stop the child's crying, he found, to his surprise, that it was his own, which the woman had stolen from the nurse, who had left it in its carriage for a few minutes.

☞ Prairie chickens are so numerous in Iowa this winter that they are knocked down by the hunters with sticks, and bagged by the hundred.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought;
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here.

Useful Hints.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore crape.

Ribbons of every kind should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed.

If your flatirons are rough rub them with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the crack of a stove.

Strong lye put in water will make it soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn will soon kill it.

THE AMERICAN PATENT FOOT AND BED WARMER.—This is the title of a Footstool, handsomely upholstered, which incloses a metallic vessel for hot water, so protected as to retain the heat, as it is claimed, from 8 to 12 hours. It is a useful article for invalids, and for those who suffer from cold feet in riding, sewing, sitting, sleeping, &c. It is excellent of course on a sleigh ride. The price ranges from $2.50 to $6.00. The manufacturer is Mr. G. E. Bebee, 217 N. Second street, Philadelphia.

☞ Science has ascertained that the sound waves resulting from a man's voice in ordinary speech are from 8 to 12 feet in length, while those of a woman's voice are from 2 to 4 feet; hence the pitch of an ordinary woman's voice is more than an octave higher than that of a man, and in its higher sound is two octaves.

☞ The bride's veil originated in the Anglo Saxon custom of performing the marriage under a piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man, over the bridegroom and bride, to conceal her blushes.

☞ In Paris, the most distinguished fashion writer is said to be an old woman, who lives in an attic, smokes a short pipe, wears a yellow bandana around her head, and signs herself "Countess."

☞ Lecturing is evidently not a success this year. From the experience in Philadelphia, and from the accounts of our exchanges, it appears that the lecturing business does not pay so well as formerly. Some of the best lecturers have failed in drawing audiences in places where crowds used to assemble to hear them.

☞ The Irish Times—an Irish paper—says:—"The Fenians seek for a total separation of Ireland from England, the establishment of a Republic, and union with the United States."

☞ APPLES FOR CHILDREN.—A contemporary is very anxious that children should be given sound and ripe apples, instead of pies, cakes, and sweetmeats; and says this course will prevent a great deal of sickness among the little ones.

☞ It is understood that both Judge Curtis and Judge Abbott decline to be candidates for the Chief Justiceship of Massachusetts. They are making four times the money by their law practice that they would receive in that office from the State.

☞ The imaginations of men do more than nature to make women beautiful.

☞ "He won't run well," said one politician to another, who were discussing the merits of a candidate. "Won't run well, he?—why, he run like the deuce at Bull Run!" replied the other.

☞ The following was lately perpetrated on a member of the Nashville bar, by Judge Brien of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, while presiding in a case of some importance. During the argument of one of the counsel, who at the moment was reading very loudly and impressively some point of law that he desired to impress on the minds of the jury, he was interrupted by the judge, who, with an air of great candor and gravity, said:—"Mr. Sperlock, don't read so loud, please; you will *disturb and wake up the jury!*" one of whom had fallen asleep.

☞ Some one, in speaking of a highly ornamented house, whose proprietor was not particularly hospitable, said: "I like to see less gilding and more carving."

☞ A member of that Parisian class stigmatized as the *demi-monde*, has announced her intention of writing her memoirs. "How have you divided the work?" was inquired. "First part: My youth. My arrival in Paris—350 pages. Second part: Good and bad fortune. Sale of my effects. Diplomatic lessons. *Grande passions*—nearly 400 pages. Third part: Remorse—1 page!"

☞ Mr. George Francis Train has sailed for Europe. Europe is to be pitied.

☞ In Zanesville, Ohio, there is a house in which three brothers and a sister have lived for fifteen years without outside intercourse, with windows and doors closely shut and barred.

☞ Golden weddings are a Norse institution. Our Saxon fathers had them not. But that quaint home-like woman, Fredricka Bremer, introduced them. In her work, "The Neighbors," the Dahls celebrated theirs; and Mme. Franceska told the simple story. So from that golden weddings came to America. Miss Bremer gave us also the Christmas tree. What a rare matter. Cæsar, though doubling the area of Roman conquests, could not add a word to the Latin language. And yet a woman of retiring character added two social customs to the observance of a people. (Doubtful.)

A Story for Married Folks.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either; Mrs. Lee was getting supper and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?"

These words were on his lips; but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust into his trowsers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing and taking things into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the paper before him and he read on:

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "Oh yes, that's all very well—praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it. It will make her eyes wider than they have been for ten years; but it will do her good for all that and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written expressly for him and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what!" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made her home as comfortable for him as she could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him she was at work.

"Praise your wife." These words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that was lying spread out before him, and he read the sentence, "A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first, his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued.

He thought of many things to say, and yet he feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his address with a rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold upon the shirt bosom at which she was at work, he said in a voice that was carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing the work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to notice that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was now easy. His hand was among the clouds, and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I've heard it more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was something light in it and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a queer question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warm spoken answer; and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so, now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." Mrs. Lee arose, and, leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in on the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, or that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife. I am proud of you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

The Disuse of Marriage.

A writer in the last number of the North British Review enumerates startling facts in reference to what he terms "the disuse of marriage" in the upper ranks of England, and draws some conclusions from those facts which assuredly are grave enough, and deserve at all events to be carefully pondered. His facts are these—and every one, we imagine, by reference to the last census and the annual reports of the Registrar General, can verify them or correct them for himself. The mere figures, however, are, we believe, unimpeachable. The number of women of mature years, *i. e.*, above the age of twenty, who *must* remain single in consequence of the actual disproportion of the sexes in England and Wales is between 300,000 and 400,000. The number of adult women who actually *are* single is 1,537,000, of whom 1,230,000 are between twenty and forty years of age. "Of all adult women *five* per cent. (he argues,) would naturally and voluntarily be spinsters; as a fact, 27 per cent. are so. Of women of marrying ages, *i. e.*, between twenty and forty, in England, 58 per cent. are married, 39 per cent. are spinsters, and 3 per cent. are widows. In a word, two adult women out of every five are single." It would appear, moreover, that a disproportionate number of these "involuntary celibates" belong to the higher and the upper-middle ranks, marriage and even pretty early marriage being the rule among the lower and middle classes with all who are not in domestic service. The writer traces the *cause* of this increase of involuntary spinsterhood to the spreading luxury of the age, and to the too prevalent sentiment on the part of indolent and self-indulgent young men in "society," that there are many other luxuries much more difficult to forego than the luxury of a wife and home.

The Hebrew Mode of Killing Animals.

Rabbi S. M. Isaac gives an interesting account of the Hebrew mode of slaughtering animals for food. An official person, called *shochet*, or slayer, performs this task in every slaughter-house, and must be a man of sterling moral character, well versed in the Jewish law especially applicable to his official duty, as to killing the animal and examining it after death, to ascertain that it is sound. Before he is licensed, he must be examined before a board constituted for that purpose, in his knowledge of the laws and regulations, and in sharpening his knife, which must be kept free from the slightest notch or roughness of edge. The ox is thus killed:—The hind legs are tied, two men hold the head, the *shochet* draws his knife forward across the throat and withdraws it, the blood flows freely and the animal is dead. Great care is taken to prevent the animal from seeing the weapon beforehand, and the Rabbi is of opinion that death by the peculiar knife used is instantaneous. He denies that there is any dislocation or torture by suspension, and does not believe that there is any valid reason on the ground of humanity for rendering the animal insensible by stunning. This is also forbidden by the Jewish regulations

Singular Preservation.

The Star relates a singular incident that occurred on the Grand Trunk road not many months ago. A couple, with their little girl two years old, were on board the saloon car attached on a night freight train, and were sitting near the side door which was partially open. The train was on a down grade, running twenty miles per hour, when a sudden rebound of the car threw the child out of the door. Horror-stricken at the supposed inevitable result, the conductor signaled to "break up hard," and as soon as it was safe to do so, seized his lantern, jumped off and ran back, expecting to see a bruised corpse on the road bed; but presently heard a childish voice crying out "Papa! Papa!" and in a moment more met the little one running along to catch the train. The wind, which was blowing fresh at the time, had inflated her clothing and buoyed her up and she had evidently fallen on her feet, and was not in the least injured.

☞ The belle of Quincy, Ill., is called a *Quincess*.

☞ It has been discovered by Professor Czermark, of the University of Jena, that the Egyptians took off the skin from the soles of the feet of those who were to be embalmed, rolled it up and deposited it under the stomach of the deceased. He thinks this was symbolical of the eternal separation of the dead from the earth.

☞ A Mr. Nathan Parrish, now residing in Michigan, who applied for a patent for a "fan-blower" twenty-five years ago, obtained it last month.

☞ An English journal, criticising a child's book, recently published, says "that to read it to any child who does not deserve a whipping, would be an act of cruelty."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—Both Houses reassembled on the 6th inst., with an unexpectedly large attendance, and proceeded to take up the business pending at the adjournment. In the Senate the day was almost entirely consumed debating the report of the Election Committee on the admission of the Hon. Philip Francis Thomas, Senator elect from Maryland, to his seat. Reverdy Johnson espoused the cause of his colleague with great earnestness, and was followed by Senator Howe and others.

On the 7th inst., Senator Wilson presented a bill vacating certain offices in Georgia, and empowering the Constitutional Convention to fill the same.

On motion of Mr. Morrill, of Vt., the Finance Committee were directed to inquire into the expediency of inflicting a penalty on any Government officers who shall expend money for purposes not previously authorized by law. This is intended to prevent disbursements for special missions.

The Stanton report was considered by the Senate in executive session on the 10th, but no action was taken upon the case.

A communication was received from the President showing that twenty-one states had ratified the proposed fourteenth article of the Federal Constitution.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Senate, on the 8th inst., bills were introduced repealing the Sunday Liquor law and the law allowing negroes to ride in the cars, and exempting from taxation mortgages and real estate of less value than $3,000. A joint resolution was also introduced, urging Congress to provide for an early return to specie payments, to abolish the National Banks, to pay the public debt in currency, to tax the Government bonds, and to reduce the revenue taxes. Governor Geary's Message was received and read.

The lower House of the Penna. Legislature organized on the 10th, by electing P. W. Davis, Speaker, on the 26th ballot, and Gen. Selfridge, Clerk.

OHIO.—The Ohio Democratic State Convention has unanimously resolved "that George H. Pendleton is the choice of the Democracy of Ohio for the next President of the United States."

MISSOURI.—The extra session of the Missouri Legislature is in session. Resolutions have been introduced urging Congress to grant to the Kansas branch of the Pacific Railroad subsidies equal to those granted the Omaha line.

A FENIAN demonstration in memory of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, executed at Manchester, which was postponed from New Year's Day, took place in Philadelphia on the 8th inst. The procession was very large—over 5,000 persons being in the line.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Stanley, acting upon the remonstrances of the Sublime Porte, has prepared a despatch protesting against the alleged intrigues of the Russian Government, in Roumania.

More than half a ton of blasting powder was carried off by some daring Cork Fenians, who, unchallenged, entered the magazine of that city on the night of the 3rd of January.

The editor of the Dublin *Irishman* has been arrested by the British Government on the charge of printing and publishing works of a seditious character.

FRANCE.—It is asserted by the Paris *Constitutionel* that the relations between France and Italy were never better than at present, although it expresses the fear that the false reports and misapprehensions respecting the formation of Menebrea's Ministry will have a bad influence.

Louis Napoleon's New Year's speech gives general satisfaction on the continent; it is regarded as a pledge of peace.

ITALY.—The reorganization of the Italian Ministry has been completed.

General Menebrea, Prime Minister of Italy, has given publicity to a number of private letters, proving that Ratazzi was fully apprised of the recent movement of Garibaldi against Rome, and favored it. He also lent the insurgents his valuable influence and assistance.

Late despatches from Civita Vecchia state that much sickness prevails among the French troops quartered there.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—The British expedition to Abyssinia still remains at Senafee, where it has been encamped since the 7th of last December.

ST. DOMINGO.—Another Revolution has arisen and succeeded in St. Domingo. The Government has fled to Turks' Island, and Buenaventura Baez had been proclaimed President. Cabral was expected to abdicate. One revolution a month is the present average in the happy Haytien isle.

JAPAN.—Late despatches received from Japan, state that the Christians who had been imprisoned and persecuted in Nagasaki, have been released.

☞ A Swiss journal states that a young woman named Anna Arnold, of Willisau (Lucern,) has just carried off the first prize at a rifle-shooting competition of that town.

☞ CURE FOR A FELON.—Take equal parts of gum camphor, opium, castile soap, brown sugar; wet to a paste with spirits of turpentine, and apply like a salve. Those who have tried it say it is an invaluable remedy.

☞ There is a magnificent marble monument in the cemetery of Port Byron to the memory of Roswell Loveland, who, the Times says, is yet alive and well.

☞ The Parisians have taken to wearing aquarium ear-rings, which are globes of rock-crystal filled with water and containing gold fishes, a lobster and a cray fish. The ring piercing the ear is formed of enamelled gold representing sea weed. With the artificial hair, its parasites, false teeth, painted brows, lashes, veins, cheeks, rice powder, steel hoops and aquarium rings, a barbarian would have some trouble in discovering the woman.

☞ A Boston man advertised for a wife "for a man of means," and received nearly a thousand photographs in reply.

☞ Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, died on Thursday, the 9th inst., in the 76th year of his age. The next Presiding Bishop (according to seniority) in the General Convention, will be a prelate of what is termed "ultra evangelical leanings."

The Circus and Circus Horses.

People wonder why it is that when the horse and rider are sweeping round the ring at full speed, and inclining at an angle which seems to threaten to send them both flying into the sawdust, the horse doesn't fall into the ring altogether, and the man tumble when he is jumping on the horse's back. We shall try to explain the mystery. No doubt many even of our younger readers know that there are two mechanical forces—the centrifugal and the centripetal, the first being a tendency to fly from the centre, the other to seek it. A horse galloping round the ring is forced to incline inwards, and the greater the speed, the greater must be the inclination; but whatever the latter may be, the horse could not maintain it for a moment if at rest. Were it to be brought to a sudden standstill it would at once fall inwards. If it tried to gallop round the ring and to keep upright at the same time, its impetus would drive it outside the circle. But it is upheld by the antagonism of the two forces, although when going round it is inclined many degrees beyond its centre of gravity. As concerns the man, no matter how high he may leap, he is sure to come down upon the animal's back, for the motion of the horse is communicated to the rider.

If any of our readers have thought of starting an amateur circus, and want to teach a horse the common trick of picking up a handkerchief, let them proceed as follows: Spread on the sawdust a white cloth containing a liberal supply of oats, lead the animal round the ring, and let him take some of the corn. This is lesson No. 1; its object being to fix in the horse's mind a connection between the cloth and the oats. The march round the circle being once or twice repeated, he stops at the handkerchief as a matter of course. By dint of practice, say in a couple of weeks, he will learn to stop as readily in a trot or a gallop as in a walk. After a time the handkerchief must be doubled over and tied in a knot; the animal shakes it to get at the grain, but not succeeding, lifts it from the ground, which is just the thing wanted. When the horse has done this a few times, and finds that though he can shake nothing out he will receive a handful of oats as a reward, he may be trusted to perform in public. The last step of all, the persuading the horse to carry the handkerchief to its owner, is easily done. Of his own accord he will hold the cloth till it is taken from his mouth, and there will be little difficulty in coaxing him to walk a few paces when he knows that he will get a handful of oats or a carrot for his obedience. If the animal be mettlesome and high-spirited, a different course must be followed at starting. A smart hour's gallop round the ring twice a day, and an occasional short allowance of oats, will soon bring him to his senses. To teach a horse to fire a pistol, let the firearm be fixed to a post, and a piece of white cloth being attached to the trigger, the animal will seize it in its mouth, and pull it, with the hope of a reward from its master.

A horse may be taught to dance, thus: Fasten the animal with two side-reins between the posts supporting the leaping bar. Take a whip, and, as the music plays, gently touch him with it, using the "jik, jik," of the groom as you go on. The horse being tied to posts can move neither backwards nor forwards, but he will be induced to lift his legs, and thereby gain the rudimentary movements of his lesson. After a while the teacher must mount on his back; the horse being fastened by the side-reins. Just when he is to raise his leg a gentle pull must be given to the rein at the proper side to help the movement. In course of time the reins must be loosened, and the horse, if tolerably ready, will soon learn to mark time, quick or slow, in answer merely to a slight jerk of the bridle. The rider must then dismount, and coming before the horse, teach him to dance or keep time, with a wave of the hand, or by a pat on the foot which he is wanted to lift.

It has long been supposed that the spotted horses used in a circus are a hereditary breed, cultivated expressly for exhibition. This is a mistake. It is said, too, that performing horses are dyed or painted. This is scarcely ever the case, though artistically colored steeds have been palmed off upon the country folk who have no faith in horses of an ordinary hue. A circus proprietor with money can easily get horses of all sorts, as he or his agent are always on the move, and have every opportunity to find what they want. However, the animals that they pick up, though they may be useful for ordinary purposes, have to undergo a long training before they can be introduced to the public as "prancing steeds," or "fiery coursers of the desert."

Of the performances in the arena, the equestrian scenes are more popular than the acrobatic feats, which seem to be full of pain to the performer, and often frighten the spectators. A good many, if not most, of the clown's jokes are extemporized on the spot, the "cue" being given to the "ring-master" as he walks with him after the horse. In every equestrian act there are at least two pauses, each scene being divided into three parts, and it is during these intervals that the clown has an opportunity to exercise his wit, or in professional language to "crack his wheeze."

Circus people, as a rule, have been familiar with the sawdust almost from their birth. Their fathers and mothers have been in the business before them, and their experiences often date back to when they were only about two years old. They must be regularly bred to the work, and have to serve a term of gratuitous labor varying in length from fourteen years to twenty-one. All who enter a circus are engaged for the "general utility," and besides performing, have to hold banners, poles, &c., at the entrances. Now-a-days circuses are conducted on what is called the "sensation" plan—introduced by Van Amburgh—and there is scarcely one that cannot boast of its "lion tamer," or "Queen of the Lions."

The agility of acrobats in turning somersaults is astonishing. A man in Hengler's troupe could throw seventy without once stopping to look over his shoulder. Another could turn upwards of twenty, one after another, on a flying horse. The art is only to be learnt by long practice, and it has led to many deaths. A year or two ago, a poor fellow in Dublin was killed on his benefit night in attempting a "quadruple turn."

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novels to [illegible] year:—

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☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. [illegible], Esq., Germantown, by the Rev. Luther E. Albert, D.D., SAMUEL THOMPSON, Esq., of Pittsburg, to Miss CATHARINE V. MILLER, of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN W. [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the [illegible] of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JAMES [illegible] to Miss [illegible], both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, A[illegible], in her [illegible] year.

On the 5th instant, EDITH, wife of J[illegible] Shoemaker, in her [illegible] year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. ANN [illegible], widow of the late John Myers, in her [illegible] year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MATHIAS TAYLOR, in her 60th year.

On the 4th instant, RICHARD [illegible], aged 25 years.

On the [illegible] instant, ALFRED P. [illegible], in his 26th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. LYDIA [illegible], wife of Clement Clark, aged [illegible] years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SHEED, in her [illegible] year.

On the 4th instant, MATILDA, wife of Jacob L. Sharp, in her [illegible] year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Mortisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.*

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 40 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS. For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club.*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

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Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post offices if desired.

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☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post office order on Philadelphia. If a Post office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money to the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MARY O'MARA.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Mary O'Mara, I think that I see thee
Still blooming and young,
Crowned with a beauty as dazzlingly beaming
As poet ever sung;
Lovers, deep sighing,
All emulous vying,
Thy love to secure;
While 'twas mine to adore,
And my lot to deplore—
For thy minstrel was poor,
Mary O'Mara.

Mary O'Mara, the lordly O'Hara
Might make thee his own;
For his lineage was high, while the light of thine eye
Might have challenged a throne!
If his love rise
To the worth of the prize
He hath captured in thee,
Then a homage is thine
That a saint in her shrine
Scarcely deeper may see!
Mary O'Mara.

Mary O'Mara, I think that I hear thee,
With voice like a bell,
So silver-sweet ringing, the minstrelsy singing
Of him who loved well;
Of him, who, still loving,
And hopelessly roving
In regions afar,
Still thinks of the time
That he wove the sweet rhyme
To his heart's brightest star—
Mary O'Mara.

☞ A French physician is curing his patients who are suffering from debility and reduced and enfeebled blood, by giving them the fresh warm blood of chickens, ducks, and other fowls.

☞ The Russians don't go out in cold weather without a slight coating of glycerine on their nose, ears and other exposed points, to preserve them from freezing.

FAMILY MUSIC.

Beside the window I sit alone,
And I watch as the stars come out,
I catch the sweetness of Lucy's tone,
And the mirth of the chorus' shout:
I listen and look on the solemn night,
Whilst they stand singing beneath the light.

Lucy looks just like an early rose
(Somebody else is thinking so),
And every day more fair she grows
(Somebody will not say me no),
And she sings like a bird whose heart is blessed
(And Somebody thinks of building a nest!)

And now she chooses another tune,
One that was often sung by me:—
I do not think that these nights in June
Are half so fine as they used to be,
Or 'tis colder watching the solemn night,
Than standing singing beneath the light.

Lucy, you sing like a silver bell,
Your face is fresh as a morning flower—
Why should you think of the sobs which swell
When leaves fall fast in the autumn bower?
Rather gather your buds and sing your song,
Their perfume and echo will linger long.

I'm grey and grave,—and 'tis quite time too,—
I go at leisure along my ways;
But I know how life appears to you,
I know the words that Somebody says:
As old songs are sweet, and old words true,
So there's one old story that's always new!

There is a grave that you do not know,
A drawer in my desk that you've never seen,
A page in my life that I never show,
A love in my heart that is always green:
Sing out the old song! I fear not the pain,
I sang it once—Lucy, sing it again!

ISABELLA FYVIE.

ZOE FANE.

(CONCLUDED.)

A Love Story in Four Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

IN DURANCE VILE.

At three o'clock the next afternoon, Emmy and I were driving to the Priory, both of us, I think, feeling a little uncomfortable, and very anxious as to how the impending interview might end. But we were doomed to disappointment.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fane were out driving," the man who opened the door informed us; "but Mr. Hollice was in the library, if we would walk in."

We had no particular desire to see Mr. Hollice, and looked blankly at each other at this news, which somehow we had not anticipated; and then Emmy inquired—

"And Miss Fane, is she at home?"

The man hesitated.

Yes, he believed Miss Fane was at home; but he thought she was in her room—in fact, he believed she was not very well.

"Not well! How long has she been ill?" Emmy asked, eagerly.

The man couldn't at first say; but, the sight of a sovereign which I displayed above my waistcoat pocket appeared to refresh his memory, and after looking over his shoulder into the hall, he condescended to inform us that for a week—ever since the wedding day had been fixed, in fact—Miss Fane had kept her room.

"The wedding day!" Emmy echoed. "Is it settled, then?"

"Yes, my lady, it is settled; but I understand it is to be a secret. Mr. Fane wishes it to be as private as possible."

"But you know it," I interposed, sternly, pressing a couple of sovereigns into the man's hand. "You need not be afraid, I shall not mention your name if you tell me."

"It is to be next Thursday," said the man, slowly.

Next Thursday, and to-day was Tuesday! It was fortunate indeed that I had come down to Norham.

"I shall stay until your master returns," I said to the man, making up my mind in a moment what to do. "I want to see him on business of importance; so let him know that I am here the instant he returns. Meanwhile, Lady Norham will go up to see Miss Fane. I suppose she is not too ill to see any one."

"I don't know, sir, I'll inquire."

And then with the greatest alacrity, he ushered us into the drawing-room, shut the door upon us, and disappeared.

"Will he inquire, do you think?" said Emmy, doubtfully.

"Certainly not, I should think," I answered. "Should you mind going off on a voyage of discovery to find Zoe? If you could only see her, we might arrange something."

"I shan't mind a bit," said Emmy, bravely. "I know which is her room, and I'll speak to her, come who or what may."

Thereupon, after a few instructions from me, Emmy set off on her quest, and I was left to wait as patiently as my anxious reflections would allow me, until either she or Mr. Fane returned. I afterwards heard how she sped, and I may as well relate her proceedings here.

She ran noiselessly up-stairs, and easily found Zoe's room—the fact of the servants' tea-bell having just rung accounted for her not meeting or hearing anybody during the conversation that followed—and when she tapped softly at the door, Zoe called out, feebly,

"Who is there?"

"I—Lady Norham," Emmy answered, as softly as possible; "may I come in?"

There was a moment's pause, then a low, joyous exclamation, and the sound of a footstep crossing the floor, and in another second Zoe answered, breathlessly, with her mouth pressed close to the key-hole—

"The door is locked—I can't open it. How did you get here?"

"Never mind. Edmund is down-stairs. Can't you get out anyhow?" Emmy asked, eagerly.

"No; mamma has the key," was the answer. "It isn't papa, Lady Norham; don't think it, please. Tell Edmund to save me. I am to be married on Thursday."

"Nonsense. They can't marry you if you won't be married," Emmy answered; "and you will be very wicked, Zoe, if you let them threaten or frighten you into anything."

"I won't, indeed I won't," was the sobbing response, "if only Edmund will come; but mamma persuades papa it is all for our good; and he is so angry with me. Will you tell Edmund to come?"

"Yes, if you can't get away before; but listen;" and Emmy related, in as low a tone as possible, the plan Mr. Mortimer had suggested, and after a moment or two of reflection, Zoe consented to try to escape, if only escape were possible.

"Not with Edmund though. Tell him I couldn't bear him to see me ever again, if anybody should ever be able to say I had eloped."

"I will tell him; but now be quick and settle what we must do. What is your maid like?"

"I think she will help me, and she is kind when mamma is not by. But mamma takes the key of my door when she goes out."

"But who has it when she is at home? Who will have it to-night, for instance?"

"My maid, Simmons; she sleeps in my dressing-room."

"Then try what she will do for you, and if she consents to help you, at ten o'clock to-night set your candle in the window-seat, and draw up your blind. Do you understand? Let it remain up for a moment and then draw it down again. We shall be watching, and if you do this we shall understand that early in the morning, as soon as the back doors are open—say at half-past six—you and she will come down the avenue. I will be at the gates in my carriage."

Though I have written these instructions as if Emmy had spoken them, in reality she had written them on the back of an envelope, and pushed it underneath the door, taking this precaution in case any listener should be near.

"I will do it," Zoe said, when she had read the communication; "only don't let Edmund be in the carriage, Lady Norham. Promise me that he shan't be there."

"I promise," said Emmy; and then after another whispered word or two, she ran down-stairs as lightly as she had ascended them, and joined me radiant and triumphant in the drawing-room.

I cannot say I felt at all certain of success when she related to me what she had settled. It seemed to me that no one could save Zoe but myself, and here was I thrust out of the scheme entirely. However, there was nothing else to be done; so I could only do all in my power to prevent it being frustrated. Accordingly I rung the bell, and when the footman appeared, looking rather uncomfortable, I inquired, angrily,

"Did you send up to inquire if Miss Fane could see Lady Norham?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir; but Miss Fane was asleep, and no message came down till just this minute. Miss Fane is very sorry, my lady; but she feels too ill to see any one this afternoon, and hopes you will excuse her."

I wonder if the man thought he imposed upon us. Certainly he told his lie with the greatest barefacedness I have ever witnessed. The front-door bell at this moment sounded through the house, and he retreated hastily to usher his master and mistress into the drawing-room a few moments later.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Mr. Fane said, sarcastically, to me, after courteously greeting Emmy. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Darent?"

"My business with you is private," I said, returning Mrs. Fane's haughty stare as haughtily, "and I think you are quite able to make a guess as to its purport."

He made no answer, but led the way to his study; and then when I formally demanded of him permission to address his daughter, he flatly and emphatically refused it.

"It is nothing new to me to see gentlemen in a passion about this matter," he said, smiling coldly. "Unfortunately for my child, her wealth has been a great prize to many fortune-hunters. However, she has made her choice at last, and it has my full approval."

"Will you let Miss Fane tell me so with her own lips?" I asked, quietly. "She promised to be my wife only a fortnight ago."

"I am afraid your imagination must have greatly misled you," sneered Mr. Fane; "and I deeply regret that it is not in my power to let you have an interview with Miss Fane. But she has been suffering the last few days from a severe cold, and has not been able to leave her room. I will gladly convey to her, by your permission though, your congratulations on her approaching marriage—or perhaps you will give us the pleasure of your company at it."

I could listen to no more. With a muttered imprecation, I turned away and strode into the drawing-room, followed by Mr. Fane, who I saw returned the anxious glance of his wife with a significant and triumphant smile. In a few more minutes we were driving down the avenue again, and as we returned homewards I related to Emmy how my interview with Mr. Fane had terminated.

"So now there is nothing more to be done," I finished. "As we pass through Norham, I will telegraph to Mr. Mortimer, and prepare him for our possible arrival to-morrow. He will send his carriage, and probably come himself to meet all the trains; and once in his house, my darling will be safe."

"Yes, but we have got to get her there first," said Emmy; "and I shall have to tell John no end of lies when I get home. He's so matter-of-fact that he will pooh-pooh all our nice little arrangements, and make no end of difficulty about the carriage being out so early."

"Don't tell him. I will leave a note to-morrow for him, and will arrange everything with the coachman to-night, for of course I shall be obliged to take a horse to the Priory to-night, when I go for Zoe's signal."

"Yes, you can see her window easily from that side of the park I pointed out to you; and you must be sure and be there in time, Edmund."

No need to tell me to be there in time! By nine o'clock I had left my horse in charge of the wondering coachman half-a-mile from the Priory, and was walking slowly up and down just outside the park gazing steadily, up at a certain window, in which a faint light was visible through the closely-drawn blind. How many times I wandered up and down I cannot tell, but ten o'clock had struck long ago from a stable clock near, before the blessed signal at last came. But I saw it at last. The blind of the window I had been watching was drawn up and a bright light appeared close to the pane for a minute; then the light was withdrawn, the blind pulled down, and there was only a faint glimmer as before. I waited a moment longer, and then returned home exultantly, and told Emmy, who was in a state of feverish impatience at my prolonged absence, that so far our plans had prospered. But would they continue to do so? And would Zoe be mine at last? No one, who has not himself experienced the like anxiety, can understand the misery of the long hours of that night.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO LADIES RUN AWAY.

The next morning at six o'clock Emmy, accompanied by her maid, who was trustworthy, and had been with her a good many years, got into her carriage and drove off towards the Priory, and a few minutes afterwards I followed on horseback. It was a cold February morning, and there was only a faint streak of light in the sky, showing where the sun would presently appear; but I was too feverish with anxiety to feel the cold, and chafed angrily at Emmy's momentary delay for wraps and hot-water tins. I had written to Sir John, telling him a few of the facts of the case, and begging him if Mr. Fane applied to him, to do his utmost to send him on the wrong scent; and this note I sealed and deposited on the hall table. I afterwards found that he had obeyed my direction to the letter, and that Mr. Fane, accompanied by the bridegroom elect, had started off to Scotland after us.

I reached the Priory gates at half-past six, and found the carriage drawn up by the side of the road, with the horses' heads turned towards Norham Station, and Emmy sitting with the window down, gazing eagerly up the dark avenue. I dismounted, and gave my horse to the footman, and then quietly opened the little side gate leading into the Priory grounds. I could not see Zoe's window from this part of the park, so all I could do now was to hope fervently that she might be able to get away in time for us to reach the London train due at Norham at a little after seven.

It was wonderful how quietly we all waited during the next quarter of an hour. There was no sound except the occasional pawing of the horses and the jingling of their harness; but as it grew gradually lighter I began to feel afraid that the people at the lodge would be astir, when the sight of my sister's carriage would of course enable them to direct Mr. Fane in his pursuit. But as yet everything was quiet, and there was a chance of our being able to get away without being seen.

Twenty minutes had passed, and there would barely be time for us to reach the station. I was growing quite sick with anxiety when I heard a slight sound, and in another moment two figures came hastily round the corner of the avenue. I stood still for fear of frightening Zoe, until they reached the gate, and then as she saw me and uttered a low cry, I caught her in my arms, and drew her towards the carriage. "My darling, I have got you at last," I whispered. "I was beginning to feel afraid."

"Oh! Edmund, you shouldn't have come," she murmured; but I did not mind her words when I felt the clinging embrace of her arms round my neck.

I hurried her into the carriage, and mounted my horse, and then we set off as fast as we could go to Norham, reaching the station as the train arrived. I gave both men-servants strict injunctions that they were to know nothing of their morning's work if any one questioned them, and enforced my orders by the present of a five-pound note apiece.

"You brought your mistress and her maid to meet the York train," I told them; "but I think you have not seen any one else?"

"No, sir, it's very dark this morning," they returned, grinning; "we ain't seen nobody but you;" and well satisfied that I could trust them, I followed the two ladies to the carriage I had secured.

"Now tell me how you managed it all, my darling," I said, when we were fairly off; "and don't look so frightened, Zoe, for I hope and trust all your troubles are over now."

There had been a terrible scene with her step-mother the night before, Zoe said, caused by my visit, "and for a long time, Edmund, I thought I should have no chance of sounding Simmons. I had only a few minutes to do it in, before I gave the signal, Edmund, and oh! I was so frightened for fear you should have gone away and not seen it. She was very kind to me, though, and consented directly I told her Lady Norham had planned it all; and I think we have taken such precautions that they will not find we have gone for a long time. Simmons has the key of my room. She locked the door before we came away, and as I have never had my breakfast lately till after ten o'clock, and Simmons has never gone down stairs before them, none of the servants will miss us; and mamma is never down before twelve."

"And have you had nothing to eat this morning, Zoe?" I asked.

"No; how could I get it? I didn't want anything but to get away."

At which speech, Emmy, who had more forethought than I gave her credit for, laughed exultantly up into my face and produced a huge packet of sandwiches and a flask of sherry, from a leathern pouch at her side, and commenced forthwith to cram them down Zoe's throat.

By the time we got to London, Zoe was already happier, and for the first time in my life I heard her laugh merrily; though she was still a little frightened at what might be the consequences of what she would persist in calling her elopement. My only fear now was that, by telegraphing, Mr. Fane might be able to stop us; but when we reached King's Cross all my doubts and anxieties were set at rest. Mr. Mortimer, with two servants at his side, was awaiting us; and when we descended from our carriage and the two maids joined us from theirs, not even a suspicious look was directed to so eminently respectable a family party; and my uncomfortable visions of policemen and detectives in plain clothes vanished. Not a bit like a runaway couple did we look, I am sure; and I breathed freely and had no further fear when I gave Zoe up into Mr. Mortimer's care.

I left my chambers and took lodgings near Mr. Mortimer's big house in —— Square, and on the following three Sundays our banns were shouted out amongst countless others, in the parish church, one of the ugliest and most secluded in London; and as I listened, amused, to the glibly pronounced names, I thought that even Mr. Fane would have some difficulty in recognizing them for mine and his daughter's.

The Monday afterwards we were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Mortimer giving the bride away, Sir John and Emmy, with my mother and several other relations, forming the bridal party; and four young cousins of mine making a very pretty bevy of bridesmaids.

I don't think the officiating clergyman who assisted at the ceremony had a suspicion that he was helping to unite a runaway couple, though my eldest brother, the Bishop of M—— who tied the knot, was of course made aware of all the circumstances.

Zoe has been my wife for more than a year now, and her sweet face is as happy as I vowed to make it. We have a hopeful son and heir, aged two months, to whom she makes a very pretty-looking and youthful mamma; and I have seen many envious and admiring eyes directed towards her carriage, when—as generally happens once a day—she takes this youthful individual out for an airing.

Mr. Fane has a fortune of his own now, Zoe having made over to him five thousand a year, which at his death is to go to his two little sons; and I do not think that he very much regrets that I ran away with and married his daughter. He and his little sons often pay us a visit when they are in town, but Mrs. Fane and her brother I have declined to admit into my house, and even Zoe's forgiving petitions for them will never make me alter that decree.

A Fashionable Dinner Party in Abyssinia.

A great degree of skepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde*, or raw meat, to the guests in the fashionable parties in Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which the cooks proceed to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal, all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure *brinde*, lay it upon the cakes of teff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or anything else beneath them.

By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which in the time of war they put to all sorts of uses. The company are so arranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies; and the former with his long knife begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the fibres is yet perfectly distinct.

In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings, about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces somewhat smaller than dice. This they lay upon a portion of the teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper or cayenne, and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime, the gentleman having put up his knee, with each hand resting upon his neighbor's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open, very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws at the imminent risk of choking himself. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes in his mouth; the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces, and in silence. Having despatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbor on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied.

He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while, with his own hand, he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commences the potations, which, we are assured, are not regulated with regard to sobriety or much decorum.

All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skillful are the butchers, that while they strip bones of the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal perishing from loss of blood, becomes so tough, that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles with their teeth.

In the description now given, we have purposely omitted some features, which, it is not improbable, have been a little too highly colored, if even not somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.

☞ If rich and poor could but change places for a while, they would understand each other better ever afterwards, and make more allowances for their respective failings.

☞ He must have been a most impudent hypocrite who first wrote, "I am, sir, your most obedient, most humble, devoted servant."

FANNY THE FLIRT.

BY TOM HOOD THE YOUNGER.

Fanny the Flirt is a dangerous girl,
She dances so lightly, she smiles so divinely,
She can fling such a glance as she tosses a curl
That her partner believes he is getting on finely—
To stagger away at last, badly hurt,
For she never shows mercy, does Fanny the Flirt.

Fanny the Flirt, she can smile and look down—
Can smile and look up with an air so confiding!
But, ah! she can kill all your hopes with a frown,
And turn you adrift with a smile of deriding:
No fair coral isle by hid reefs all begirt
Is so treachery-fraught as fair Fanny the Flirt.

Fanny the Flirt may be lovely in face,
But woe to the hand that imprisons her fingers;
And woe to the eyes that half fancy they trace
A meaning in hers of a lovelight that lingers.
When it comes to the trial her answer is curt,
No love and no pity has Fanny the Flirt.

Fanny the Flirt! retribution must come!
Beauty flies fast as the valse's fleet measure:
When the eye shall be dim and the heart shall be numb,
Will the thoughts of the past bring thee sorrow or pleasure?
Old, neglected and single thou'lt mourn what thou wert,
And sigh, "Would I ne'er had been Fanny the Flirt!"

Fanny the Flirt, even worse may befall!
To mate—for a home—with a mind uncongenial:
A tyrant, severe where offences are small,
Whose code does not count any folly is venial—
Who'll storm if a button be missed from his shirt—
But she dances and heeds not, does Fanny the Flirt.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANDROCLUS.

"Have you anything particular to do with yourself this afternoon, Mr. Blake?" inquired Claude Murphy; "for if not, I have a ticket for the Zoological Gardens, which will admit two. It is much better to go there on a Sunday, since it is not so crowded; beside which—and that is of consequence to a poor artist like myself—one has not got to pay for the privilege."

"Faith," rejoined his new acquaintance laughing, "a very moderate entrance-fee would prove a bar to *my* admission, I do assure you. I have been where hard blows and plenty of them are the chief pay of the soldier, and all I have got to show for fifteen years' service, beside this sabre-cut on my forehead, is as many pounds."

"A soldier, eh?" mused the painter, regarding his new friend, with head aside, as though he were a work of art. "Well, I never saw a man more cut out—I don't refer to the scar, my dear sir—for that honorable profession, in my life. But (you will excuse my ignorance, for I know nothing of politics) what enterprising nation may that have been which has been spending its money—no, you said it had no money—its blood, or at least *your* blood, for the last fifteen years in warfare."

"I have fought for more than one nation, sir, during that period," replied the young man simply; "though not for six months together has my sword been sheathed."

"Why, bless my soul, you must be Dugald Dalgetty alive again," exclaimed the painter.

"Nay, Mr. Murphy," returned the young man, slightly reddening; "I have been no mercenary, I hope, and I have always faithfully served one mistress, Freedom." Here he bowed his head, like a ritualist who comes upon a sacred name in his devotions, and his fine face glowed as though with the recollection of some glorious Past.

"Don Quixote in his youth," murmured the artist beneath his breath. "I wonder whether I could get him to sit to me in armor."

"If you are curious to know the particular banners under which I fought," continued Valentine Blake frankly, "they are those of South American republics on whom imperial Brazil strove to lay her grasping hand. We were greatly overmatched, but never, never, thank Heaven, overwhelmed!" Again the bearded countenance of the speaker was overspread with grateful reverence, and again it was evident that the truant thought was wandering far.

"How can a man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of (other people's) fathers, and the temples of (other people's) gods,"

murmured Claude Murphy, regarding his new acquaintance with great interest.—"Mr. Valentine Blake," added he aloud, "I honestly tell you that the motives which have actuated you in life are utterly beyond me: it is even something, let me tell you, that I give you the fullest credit for them. We in England are accustomed above all things to despise a patriot: a man—an Irishman of course it must be—who is a patriot in the cause of a foreign people is only not despised because the idea of such a proceeding has never entered into our minds. Parricide, if you remember, was not included in Draco's criminal code: nevertheless, it was doubtless punished when it occurred. I would not advise you to be so frank with every fellow-countryman as you have been with me."

"And yet England is a generous nation too," replied Blake good-naturedly. "The sympathies of her people, if not of her nobles, have ever been with the weak and down-trodden."

"My dear sir," observed Mr. Murphy earnestly, "I don't mind your talking to *me* in this way at all; in fact, I rather like it, for one doesn't meet an enthusiast like you—unless (you'll excuse me) of immature years, when opinions, if I may use a technical expression, are not yet 'set'—more than once or twice in a lifetime. The remark you have just uttered with all sincerity would be taken by most men who chanced to hear it as mere Cant, and *would* be Cant in the mouths of ninety-nine even out of the hundred who should be audacious enough to use them. Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, and the Solidarity of the Peoples; we know the catchwords of the patriots, but they have absolutely no meaning in our ears."

"You may thank God for it, sir," returned the young man gravely. "You ought to be grateful indeed that such things as I have seen done, such crimes as I have seen committed by high-handed authority upon innocent, defenceless folk, are so unknown among yourselves as to be discredited when you hear of them. May it always be so in old England.—Pray, forgive me, sir, for having troubled you with what doubtless seems to you my fanaticism. A great cause perhaps takes undue proportions in our eyes, when we have lost our liberty and shed our blood on behalf of it; but I will not offend again."

"Offend!" rejoined the painter, his tone for the first time losing its habitual gayety. "Nay, sir, *you* have not offended, save in that I am certain no offence was meant. You have unwittingly forced me to contrast my own life, with its selfish motives and feeble aims, with your noble and disinterested career, that's all. Well, well, it is not every one who can be a hero. Nay, it is something to have rubbed shoulders with a man who is one. May I ask, sir (not idly, I assure you), now that that occupation's gone, in what other field you propose to labor? The oyster, England, is not of course to be opened with the point of your sword."

"That is very true," rejoined the young man gravely; "and therein lies my difficulty. I have some friends, however, made across the seas, whose hands reach even so far as this, and are stretched out to help me. As a teacher of Spanish, and Italian, I have been already promised several pupils."

"That is something," answered Mr. Murphy thoughtfully; "nevertheless, it would be well to have two strings to your bow.—But here we are at the Zoological Gardens. If you are about to become a bear-leader, it is only right that you should make yourself acquainted with the habits of that animal.—You smile as confidently as though you were familiar with every wild beast under the sun; but you don't know the British Boy—carniverous, cloven-footed, cruel, and when detected in his atrocities, full of crocodile's tears. Hark! do you recognize that fine deep bass?"

"It is the lion," returned Valentine Blake; "but with all due deference to his Majesty the King of Beasts, his voice is greatly overrated. There are many sounds in the Brazilian forest (to which, however, he is a stranger) more terrible to my ear than his gloomy menace. In the midst of the noonday hush of the woods, a long shrill scream will suddenly ring forth—God knows from what agonized throat—and then all will be still; or, without a breath of wind stirring, a tremendous crash, as though some colossal tree had fallen, will break the enchanted silence. Nay, at night I have heard a clang, such as the ear at once associates with metal—but metal of course it cannot be—striking like some knell of doom one solemn note, the cause of which neither naturalist nor native can explain."

"My dear Mr. Blake, you make my flesh creep."

"Well, sir, it used to make mine," continued the young man smiling. "That eerie sound, and the dropping of the snakes from the trees, were the only two things to which familiarity failed to breed indifference. Then, on the other hand, to recompense one for such foolish terrors, what magnificence of scenery, what lavish luxuriance of color in leaf and blossom, in bird and insect! How often have I longed to possess the power of depicting what I saw; but I am but a humble disciple of your charming art, and the very magnitude of the opportunity seemed to paralyze my fingers."

"You *did* make sketches, then, did you?" asked Mr. Murphy eagerly. "Ah, you must let me look at them. I will enlarge them, sir; I will transfer them to canvas twenty feet wide, and a mile long. We will set up a Panorama of the Forest of the Amazons. You shall describe the scenery in your own eloquent manner and in characteristic costume—you have got the hat already. I will do my best, in an adjoining apartment, to imitate, with a stick and a kettle, the metallic sound that agitates the stillness of the primeval forest.—Are there any wild-cats in that locality, may I ask?"

"Indeed there are," answered the young man, laughing heartily.

"Then Selina shall have a part in the performance," continued the painter. "I allude to Mrs. Murphy, sir, whose acquaintance I must trespass on your friendship before long, to make. I have also an only son, who, although I say it who shouldn't say it, I believe to be the most complete and perfect failure that ever disappointed a father. From one side at least the boy might have been expected to inherit some little talent, but he has done nothing of the sort. People have their wicked doubts about Original Sin, but all that is original about Claude Woodford is his peccadilloes, which are of a quite different sort to mine. Forgive, however, the garrulous doting of a husband and a father.—Here is the lion.—How do you do, Sandy? Fetch the chalks." This last remark was not an indignity offered to the king of beasts, but a salutation addressed to his keeper.—"That good man," continued the painter, in explanation, "is so civil as to keep some drawing materials for me at his cottage yonder—my minister with a portfolio, as I call him. There will be a crowd here at feeding-time, for nothing your Londoners like better, next to insulting the flamingo with their scraps of bread, than seeing the carnivora growl over raw flesh. It's the same story as in old Rome, sir; our civilization, after all, is only broadcloth deep. Scratch a Cockney, and— That's weel, Sandy, man. Hae ye ony snuff about ye? Eh, but that's a fine pictur on the box-lid! Ye maun gie me the len o 't, Sanners, just to copy it.—(Scratch a Scotchman, and he'll thank you for it, Mr. Blake.)—I'll tak guid care o 't; fearna ye."

"Then you come here to sketch the lions?" observed Valentine Blake with surprise. "I did not know you were an animal painter; that is—I—" Here the young man hesitated, and looked considerably confused.

"Thought I was a vegetable painter, did you?" returned Mr. Murphy gravely.—"Heads of cauliflowers, eh? Much admired for the tint of his beet-roots! unapproachable for the delicacy of his parsnips? Thank you; no, sir; and let me tell you, I have a soul even beyond lions—not, of course, as respects personal courage, that is *your* line—but with regard to Art. You see before you one of the most assiduous disciples of the severe and Classical School. My natural bent is, I confess, for depicting the influences of the softer passion; but the fact is, Selina won't stand it. The difficulty I have in getting female models plain enough to secure that woman's approbation would astonish you. 'Am not *I*,' she asks, 'a suitable model for any respectable artist?' And so she would be, if I had a fancy for painting Xantippe. It's the most embarrassing position you can conceive, my dear sir. When the idea of depicting this noble animal first struck me, I though of a classical representation of *Una and the Lion;* an old subject, it is true, yet one which requires a youthful female to sit for it. But no sooner did I show Clementina a sketch of what I proposed to work out, than she was up in arms at once. 'Spenser!' cried she, 'what Spenser? Why, the creature has not a rag of clothing on, so far as I can see.'

"'What! the lion, ma'am?' said I, pretending to misunderstand her.

"'No, sir, the minx,' retorted she; 'and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for entertaining such an idea!'

"So I had to give up Una, and take to Androclus. You have read of him, Mr. Blake, without doubt in Aulus Gellius?"

"I never read Aulus Gellius," returned Valentine with simplicity.

"You're an honest fellow," replied the other laughing; "and to be frank with you, I have not read him either. But I believe he was the agreeable rattle head who first invented that charming fable about the slave who was spared by a lion in the circus, in return for his having extracted a thorn from that magnanimous animal's paw. A very good after-dinner story, but scarcely credible even with dates, and the real name—Androclus. Now, my dear Mr. Blake," continued Mr. Murphy gravely, "I daresay you think I am a gasconading fellow myself, with no meaning in my talk whatever; but the fact is, I determined to bring you to this very spot from the first moment I set eyes on you. I want you to be my model—my Androclus. I am not a rich man, far from it, but— Now, don't be offended, my dear sir, pray, don't; it's merely a matter of business—"

"It is quite impossible, *quite*," interrupted Valentine Blake with good-natured firmness, "that I should ever receive a sixpence for the small service at which you hint; but if, on the other hand, I can put myself into any attitude short of standing on my head, by which you may gain an idea for your Androclus, these poor limbs are at your disposal."

"Thank you much, very much," replied the painter cordially; "but nothing of that sort is at all requisite. I have had half-a-dozen stalwart fellows sitting to me already for this subject, and as far as thews and limbs go, I have sketched in my man; nay, so far as pluck goes, many of them look as though they would as soon stare a lion out of countenance as a man (and some of them sooner, if he was a policeman); but that is all the expression they have. Now, what *I* want is some touch of tenderness to mate with the intrepidity; and you must forgive me, Mr. Blake, for saying that I have seen it for the first time in you. When you floored the beadle, I said to myself: 'That is the man for my lion;' but when you spoke to the child, I read in your kind face that you were also the man to have taken out my lion's thorn."

CHAPTER XX.

XANTIPPE.

In the streets of London which are shop-streets there is always variety, since no quarter of the metropolis (except perhaps Grosvenor Street, which ought to be called Doctor's Acre) is devoted to particular trades; but in the once fashionable regions about Russell Square, every street is a counterpart of its neighbor, and not a house ventures to exhibit in front even so much originality as may be expressed by throwing out a bow-window. Behind them, however, they freely indulge in this anomaly, while one or two put forth (giving their backview a great resemblance to a snail with his head out of his shell) a single long low room, with a skylight cut in the top of it. When the house is in a square, this external apartment is generally a billiard-room; but in dwellings of less pretension, it is almost invariably an artist's studio. The ground-floor lodgings which Mr. Claude Murphy had occupied as a bachelor in Rhadegund Street, Russell Square, were provided with this excrescence, a circumstance which had mainly induced that pleasure-loving gentleman to settle in so sombre a locality; and when he married, he retained the same abode, except that he took the whole house instead of a portion of it.

Mrs. Murphy herself has grown very thin and faded since we saw her last; her very lips are thinner than they were, perhaps from long habit of pressing them together, like a lemon-squeezer, after her bitter words: the metaphor of the rosebud, usually applied to female lips, is more adapted to Mrs. Murphy's nose, which has grown uncommonly sharp and red; but the lily, so far at least as the yellow portion of it is concerned, vies in vain with her bony cheek. But although Mrs. Murphy's appearance betokens a hard bout with Time, and affords such proofs of his well-known and unavoidable "facers," let it not be imagined that it gives any sign of giving in; upon the contrary, she is more indomitable-looking than ever. Her eyes, always hard and slow of movement, seem now to be fixed on some object, which, though far off, she is certain to attain to sooner or later, if only she never loses sight of it—and she never does, not even in her dreams. Nobody sees it but herself; nobody knows she sees it; but if her husband had taken the same interest in her face as he does in every other face he meets, he would have noticed that the look I speak of first came into it seventeen years ago, when Ernest Woodford wrote to tell her that a son and heir was born to him, and delicately expressed a hope in the postscript, that her own sweet temper and personal charms might be found by her husband to be a sufficient compensation for any pecuniary disappointment that the intelligence might cause him.

Secretive and self-involved, however, as Mrs. Murphy might be upon one subject, she was always ready with "a piece of her mind" upon other matters—such as Mr. Murphy's extravagant habits, his late hours, and (as has been already hinted) his female models. Another pair of eyes beside those of the artist passed judgment upon all in petticoats who sought admittance to his studio as professional sitters; and if they were not up to her standard, that is, if they did not possess the requirements insisted upon by pre-Raphaelite painters, namely, plainness of feature and angularity of outline, she took up her knitting, and prepared to make a third in the sky-lighted room. When the model refused to sit under such circumstances, as she generally did, Mrs. Murphy was malignantly triumphant over "the baggage;" and when she consented, Mrs. Murphy watched her "play of feature," knitting-needle in hand, as though it were a poisoned dart. When Claude, with characteristic politeness, suggested any change of attitude, Mrs. Murphy would mutter: "*Very* pretty," but by no means as a eulogistic remark; and when he murmured: "More to the light, if you please, madam;" she would exclaim to herself (but yet so as the model should hear it): "Well, upon *my* word!"

So, as Claude had no talent for the Terrible, and was not allowed to paint in peace unless the subject was a Fury or a Gorgon, he had taken to the Heroic in despair. Even in that, he had found obstacles; not only had his *Una and the Lion* met with domestic disapprobation, but "None of your Joans of Arc or Maids of Saragossa for *me*," had been his wife's verdict upon the very first mention of those historical personages. Nay, Androclus himself had met with obstacles. Mrs. Murphy could not be jealous of the gentlemen of thews and muscles who presented themselves at her hall-door on their way to the temple of art, since their stature forbade the notion of their being females in disguise; but she "gave it them so exceedingly hot" (to use their own classical expression) about not wiping their gigantic shoes, and looked after them so uncommonly sharp at their departure, lest they should carry off the hall-table and umbrella-stand, that more than one of them had refused to sit for the dauntless Slave a second time. Modesty, of course, forbade Mrs. Murphy's favoring them with her company in the studio, but she was always hovering in the passage, ready to cut off any supplies, in the shape of pots of porter, with which Claude would have fain treated his muscular friends. This domestic police-duty, which she had originally performed in person, had of late years been deputed to her son, Claude Woodford, a pasty-faced young gentleman, by this time nearly eighteen years of age, but very under-sized and childish-looking. This individual would lurk about the stairs, hanging his hydrocephalean head over the banisters, and expectorating upon the oil-cloth below, until he heard his father's door cautiously opened; then he would slink up to the back drawing-room and whisper: "Ma, they're a-sending out for beer," when his lady-mother would descend with promptitude, and lay an embargo on the proposed import.

Mrs. Murphy was just the sort of woman to live in her back drawing-room (the front apartment she rarely entered, except to perform in a sort of sacerdotal costume the solemn office of dusting the ornaments with a bunch of feathers,) and she always sat with her door open, not for air, for she was as cold as a dropping-well, but for purposes of sight and hearing. This, however, was only necessary during the hours when her offspring was not at his day-school, for, as she was wont to boast, her "Woody" was both eye and ear to her. Selina Murphy was honestly devoted to her son. She had welcomed his advent as only unexpected blessings *are* welcomed; she had regarded him in his infancy, not only with maternal pride, but with the reverence due to the heir of the great Woodford estate; and when he was deprived of it by the birth of his cousin Bentinck, she clung all the more to her disinherited ill-used boy, whose disposition (as she justly remarked) nobody knew how to appreciate except herself. He had not been happy at the three or four schools to which he had been sent, both masters and boys having entered into an unnatural league against him. His own father was quite unable to estimate those practical and solid virtues—prudence, economy, and reticence—by which the poor lad was distinguished; and the maid-of-all-work and the charwoman hated him with all the intensity of which their vulgar natures were capable. But all this only drew "her Woody" nearer to his mother's heart. He did not reciprocate her affection, because he had not the commodity within him; but he stuck to her closely, as to a blank wall that shields one from the wind and rain, and which we are prepared to leave without scruple, or a scrap of grateful remembrance, should the sun come forth, and shelter be no longer necessary. He was not at all afraid of her, for he well knew his power—accepting the fact greedily enough, without troubling himself about the cause—but his behavior towards her was cringing and submissive, as it was with all from whom he had aught to gain; yet this specious regard—such as the policeman entertains for the cook—was accepted by his mother as filial love, and his officious servility set down as prompt obedience. If his father had not been too indolent to assert himself, Woody would have joined him against "ma" with equal readiness, for it was one of his practical virtues to lean always to the strongest side; but the time had gone by for even a show of fight upon Claude's part. More than once, the poor fellow had thought to himself: "I will stand this no longer, but prime myself with a couple of bottles of champagne, and come home and larrup her with the mahl-stick." But whether he could not get credit for so much good liquor, or that the vintage was not sufficiently powerful for the purpose, he never put this design into execution. His subjection was as established and complete as a wife could wish. She had endeavored, it is true, and failed, to put his indoor pipe out; but the exception only proved her supreme rule—a despotism mitigated by tobacco. She did not even allow him a latch-key.

"Who is that your father's bringing in with him, Woody?" inquired she sharply of her offspring upon the same Sunday afternoon on which we accompanied Claude Murphey and Valentine Blake to the Zoological Gardens. "I am sure I heard a strange voice in the hall."

The obedient youth rushed to the banisters to make his reconnoissance, but returned at once, like an outpost driven in by the enemy in force.

"They're both a-coming up-stair, ma. It ain't a model, nor anything like it; it's a swell."

Master Woodford's remark was not intended as a satire upon the Upper Ten Thousand. The only two classes who came to visit his father now—for his artist-friends preferred to see him at their own homes—were professional sitters and patrons—persons who came to buy; and to these last, Selina, when she happened to come across them, was always civil; first, because she had an admirable perception, inherited, as we have seen, by "Woody," of the side upon which her bread was buttered; and secondly, because, if her nature admitted of a weakness, it was for the aristocracy of her native land. If a "model"—even a masculine one—had ventured to cross her threshold upon a Sunday, she would have sent him out again, to use her own vivid language, with a flea in his ear; but a gentleman with money in his pocket was welcome any day. What was Sabbath-breaking in the former class, was "eccentricity" in the latter; and many of Claude's patrons *were* eccentric; some of them, too, wore mighty beards, were careless of their costume, and as often as not had the appearance of being foreigners. She had never before seen so distinguished-looking a gentleman as he whom her husband now introduced her to as Mr. Valentine Blake. It was not Claude's custom to bring his patrons up to the drawing-room floor at all. They went straight into the studio, made a telescope of their fingers, and concluded their business arrangements over their cigars, while their Hansoms waited without at a cost that made Mrs. Murphy quite uncomfortable to think about. She was therefore agreeably surprised by the present visit, and more than ordinarily gracious. Perhaps there was enough of the woman left about her still to be moved by the stranger's handsome looks.

She rose, and offered him her hand, which he carried to his lips with a grace that greatly impressed her, and while she uttered some commonplaces about the weather, regarded her with such a wistful look as she could not but construe as a proof of respectful admiration.

"It's about Androclus, my dear," began the painter, hurriedly. "When I tell you what this gentleman proposes, I am sure you will agree with me that we are under great obligations—"

"It needs no explanation," interposed his wife with a queen-like motion of her skinny arm: "I have already read not only a Taste for the fine arts, but munificence in the encouragement of them, in Mr. Blake's expressive countenance. Mr. Murphy is such a child in matters of business, that it is quite a relief to me to find him in honorable hands. The picture-dealers rob him, poor fellow, right and left; often, indeed, scarcely remunerate us for our outgoings. They, of course, do not take into consideration the—the—"

"Genius," suggested Mr. Murphy.

"The enormous sums we expend upon models," continued the irrepressible lady—"a dissolute and abandoned class of persons. You may smile, sir; but you might have thought our house, any time during the last three months, to have been a House of Call for Giants, such a number of hulking fellows, each one worse than the last, has my husband employed to represent the character upon which he is at present engaged. The result obtained from that shockingly raw material you are right to admire; it is by very far the best of Mr. Murphy's classical impersonations—"

"My good woman, it hasn't got a face," interposed Claude with desperation. "Androclus is at present headless. This gentleman, upon whose countenance you have already expressed so favorable a verdict, has most generously offered me a study of his features."

"He's nothing but a model," whispered Woodford in his mother's ear; "I have been into the hall, and seen his hat."

"I will have no models here upon a Sunday," observed Mrs. Murphy, folding her hands, as though *that* was the only operation to be done with propriety; "You know my rule, Mr. Murphy, very well."

"I do indeed, madam," answered her husband, dryly; "but you do not seem to understand that this gentleman's services are gratuitous. He is a soldier of fortune, who, having no further occasion to draw his sword, is now engaged in tuition; but having still some leisure on his hands, and fancying himself under some obligation to me for a trifling service which I have been fortunate enough to render him this morning, he has made the generous proposal I have mentioned. I had come up hither, madam, to put you in possession of the circumstances, in order that he may be treated in this house with gratitude and respect."

There was something in Claude's tone so unusually severe and decisive, that of itself it may well have caused so judicious a lady as his wife to waive further objection, at all events for the present; but, whatever moved her, Mrs. Murphy's voice sank to a more moderate pitch, as she replied—

"Of course, Claude, if the offer is gratuitous, I have nothing more to say. What I set myself against is anything in the shape of business on the Sabbath—such as buying and selling. There is no more harm in your painting this gentleman's face—gratuitously, that is—than in looking at it. May I ask, Mr. Blake, whether you are a private tutor, or an usher in a school?"

Valentine Blake had listened to all that

had hitherto passed between his host and hostess with an imperturbable countenance; but a slight flush now come upon his cheeks, and his features, to observing eyes, might have been seen to harden. Claude Murphy, however, was too much engaged in wiping his face, upon which the perspiration had broken out during the recent unwonted war of words; and Selina was gazing straight before her with that preoccupied look in her eyes more manifest than usual. It was only sharp Master Woolford who noticed that the stranger "didn't like it," when his mother had thus addressed him.

"Madam," replied the latter, gravely, "I have no friends in England, nor a single relative who bears my name, and I am very far from being rich. There is, therefore, small chance of my having a choice in my profession. I have at present, however, the promise of a few private pupils."

"Do you know the rudiments of a commercial education, Mr. Blake?" continued Selina thoughtfully.

"Yes, madam. I have had occasion to learn something of most trades, and book-keeping among the rest."

Mrs. Murphy spoke no more; and the two men soon betook themselves to the studio.

"By Jove!" cried Claude, as soon as its sacred walls enclosed them, "if Mrs. Murphy wants to get you cheap as a tutor for her 'Woody,' now just take my advice and say 'No!'"

"Thank you, my friend," returned Valentine, smiling; "forewarned is forearmed."

But Mr. Murphy might have spared his advice, for it was not of her beloved offspring that Selina was thinking for this once. "A soldier," she murmured to herself—while Woody watched her furtively, trying in vain to guess "what the old lady was driving after now"—"a soldier, and therefore bold; poor, too, and friendless and unknown. I am much mistaken if I have not found the very man for my purpose, within the first twelve hours that I have been looking for him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Pre-Emption Story.

A settler, under the pre-emption laws, after taking possession of a valuable tract, died without erecting a dwelling. His widow, who succeeded to his right, procured the help of an avaricious neighbor and made considerable improvements. The laying out of a railroad suddenly raised the value of the land, and as the neighbor advanced the means for the improvements, he had the hardihood to pretend that the settlement was his, and that she had been acting in his interest and not in her own. This could not give him the pre-emption right but by putting her at his mercy, would compel her in the end to sell to him for a trifle.

Unfortunately, while the improvements were sufficient, there were so many circumstances which as matter of legal evidence went to show that she was only his agent; that, upon a hearing before the district officers, she was unable to prove a *bonâ fide* intention to appropriate the land to her own exclusive use and benefit, it being very common for persons living near valuable tracts to procure some person to occupy for them to keep off *bonâ fide* settlers. The case came before the Commission, and although there was not the least doubt in the private opinion of the officers of the General Land Office of the poor woman's real intention, they could find nothing, however, to hang a favorable award upon. To turn her out of the home she had labored so faithfully to establish for her children, and to do this at the instance of an unconscionable wretch, seemed an inevitable, yet most painful duty.

At length the clerk who had the case in hand, working it over and over in his mind, as he lay in bed at night, recollected that in a manner entirely incidental, some mention had been made in the evidence of a honeysuckle vine. In the elaborate arguments of counsel no notice was bestowed upon this trivial matter. But he refined upon it. This was a question of intention. If the woman planted that vine, the fact was inconsistent with the hypothesis that she was not acting under the hallowing inspirations of home. That little act demonstrated the intention. As she put the root in the ground she had thought of the fragrance of its blossoms in future years, as she might sit beneath its arbor by moonlight with her growing children.

The imaginative clerk became fertile of legal hypothesis. An order was issued requiring the vine for investigation, touching the honeysuckle. The case was reopened. A prolonged hearing was had. The matter came back, not only with proof that with her own hands the widow had planted the vine, but with the surprising disclosure that she had accompanied the act by the declaration (admissable in evidence as what lawyers call part of the *res gestæ*,) "when it gets big enough I will sit under it and think of poor Robert!" The Commissioner of the General Land Office of course decided in her favor, and on appeal his decision was emphatically affirmed.

Russian Discipline.

A recent French writer gives the following anecdote, which illustrates the discipline of the Russian service, though the reader must make a little allowance for the long bow which Frenchmen are apt to draw when speaking of Russia. A Russian General, while reviewing the troops, noticed a soldier who was decorated with a military medal.

"Where did you obtain that?"

"At Inkerman, general."

"Very good; you are a brave man," and the general handing him a dollar, added:—"There is something for you to drink my health with."

The soldier extended his hand to receive the gift, when the general exclaimed:—"Eight days in the guard-house for this man, who has failed to preserve his position."

Ten paces down the line, the same scene, but the soldier, when offered the money, stood like a statue. He was ordered to take it by the general, but he was stolid. "Eight days in the guard-house for this man; cause, disobedience of orders received from his superior officer."

☞ A nation of dwarfs, a foot and a half high, has been discovered on the eastern coast of Africa. Doubtful.

An Adventure with Grizzlies.

BY J. K. LORD, F.Z.S.

One day in the year 1863 I was lounging lazily under the shadow of a magnificent cedar, near the Pend Oreille river, when a canoe glided softly over the glassy waters, plied by Indian hunters, who came to tell me of two enormous "grizzlies" that had just passed along the trail leading to the hills behind my camping-ground.

The Pend Oreille river is a tributary to the mighty Columbia. Its scenery, unsurpassed by any stream west of the Rocky Mountains, possesses a wild beauty and substantial grandeur peculiarly its own. It is a stream memorable in the history of the fur traders, as being the route followed by Captains Lewis and Clarke, the pioneers of the far Northwest. The portion of it where our story commences is named Clark Fork by the fur traders, Synakwateen by the Indians; the latter word, interpreted, means a crossing, and is so designated because used by all the Indians, *en route* to the buffalo plains, as the best place to swim their horses.

It was about the middle of June, and the lovely summer was in the full pride and strength of its sunny beauty. Its scorching heat was tempered and rendered enjoyable by the breeze ever stealing softly down the valleys and ravines, cooled from its sojourn in the regions of ice.

A hunter's preparations are soon completed. In ten minutes we were ready for a start. Our route lay by canoe about three miles up the river, then by trail in the hills, to seek the lair of the bears. A canoe, let me inform the novice, is not by any means such a delightful fairy-like barque as poetry has invariably portrayed it. Made from the rind of the cedar-tree, stretched over a framework of sticks, it is as light as a basket, capsizing with a facility dangerously disagreeable to the inexperienced. First, one has to get in—at all times a service of danger, except to the native. Cautiously one foot has to be placed in the centre of the canoe, and the other brought by slow degrees to the side of it; the slightest deviation from the vertical, and a plunge is the instant result. Having so far succeeded, the next thing is to sit down in the bottom—a process requiring great pliancy of back and flexibility of limb. The least slip, the smallest preponderance of weight to one side, and you are in the water with magical rapidity. Down at last you sit, with your legs perfectly straight; and as there is no support for the back, the position closely approximates that of a culprit in the stocks. Cramp, crick in the back, or unpleasant twinges must be borne. Dare to rest an arm, ever so lightly, on the edge of the canoe, a sudden heeling over, and a consciousness of being up to your waist in water, is the result of your indiscretion. In the bow sits a grim redskin, the paddler; behind, another equally ugly, steering.

As we paddle along, I may as well introduce my two companions, both pure Indians, belonging to a small tribe—the Pend Oreille, taking their name from the river, or the river from them. (The origin of the name I am at a loss to imagine, as they wear no ear ornaments.) One short, thick, muscular, square-shouldered, and very bow-legged, his Indian name unspellable or unpronounceable if spelt, meaning "he of the fleet foot," I called Quelp, a brave hunter, most skillful tracker, decently good shot, but having a decided weakness for the "fire water of the pale faces." The other was much younger; what he lacked in muscular strength and development had its equivalent in extreme activity and power of endurance; by his Indian name he was known as "he of the thumb like a blunt arrow," but I designated him "the Satellite." Their hair they wore long, hanging down their backs to the waist; their only clothing was a piece of skin or blanket tied round the middle. Each owned a trade gun, a canoe, and skin lodge, possessions constituting the owner wealthy in his tribe.

We land on a grassy slope, like an exquisite lawn, stretching down from the timber to the water's edge; carry up the canoe, and carefully hide it in the bushes; then start for our journey up the mountain side.

Our path led up the course of a mountain burn, winding through vast fragments of rock that completely covered the hill side. The climbing was difficult and tedious as we gained in altitude. Reaching at last a level plateau, the sharp eye of Quelp detected the trail of the bears. They appeared to have passed several hours ahead of us. A council of war was held; and as there was very little probability of our overtaking the grizzlies until too dark to risk a fight, we determined on camping, and following them early in the morning.

To fully realize what solitude means, is to be alone in the wilds of a primeval forest. As the shadows fade and the purple light of the setting sun lingers round the hill tops, the birds settle down to sleep, and the busy hum of forest life gradually dies away; a death-like silence creeps over the wilderness, not a sound, but the measured rhythm of your own breathing, whilst the occasional howl of the wolf, or scream of the night-owl seem intensified to a loudness perfectly unearthly and appalling. Supping royally on a grouse, skewered on a long peeled stick, in lieu of spit, and thus roasted over the fire, we slept as only tired hunters can sleep.

The unrisen sun was just tinting the surrounding hills with its cold gray light, when a rough shaking from Quelp disturbed pleasant dreams of home, and friends, and far-off lands. We looked carefully at the guns, to avoid any chance of damp causing a miss-fire—a hunter's first consideration; for grizzlies—let me tell you, to whom they are only known traditionally—are, as the Scotch say, "kittle cattle to shoe." As the lion is king of the jungle in Africa and India, so does the grizzly rule supreme over prairie and through the forests of the "Far West." Every beast dreads an encounter with a grizzly; few horses can be brought to face him; the bison flies at his approach; and the Indians hold him in such fear; that a necklace made from his claws is the greatest proof of courage a hunter can exhibit; not a gold-seeker or trapper but carefully looks out for "bar signs," knowing well the danger of his hug.

Following the trail, through a belt of timber and out on an open grassy slope, where wild raspberries grew in great abundance, it was clear the bears had supped on the luscious fruit, the bushes being broken and trampled down. Several places were pointed out by Quelp, who, going through a strange pantomime performance, made me understand that the bears had here sat on their haunches, as is their wont to do when they clean their mouths and whiskers with their ponderous feet. About three hundred yards farther up the slope, here very steep and quite clear of trees, was an immense heap of rocks, large angular masses, piled like giant masonry. Pointing to the tracks that led from the bushes up the hill side towards the rocks, down went Quelp on the grass, and, coiling himself up like a dog, placing one hand over his head, thus demonstrated his belief that the bears were fast asleep in the crevices of the rocks.

Great care was needed, first to get the wind; that is, that the breeze should blow from the animal to the hunter, otherwise their keen sense of smell discovers the approach of man, even when they are sleeping. Not a word was to be whispered. The rocks reached, we were to ascend them at three different points; in case the bear should hear us and come out, one of the three would be pretty sure to get a shot. Separating at the base of the cairn, that in shape was an irregular triangle, I took the upper side, Quelp the lower, the Satellite the angle betwixt us, nearest the timber, leading into which was a well-trodden path. Though not afraid, my heart beat loudly, and I hardly dared to breathe. The first rays of the sun, now just clear of the hills, slanted down upon the lichen clad rocks, lighting up the dark crevices and caves, revealing their innermost depths; the dew-drops, hanging on every spray and leaf, glittered like countless gems. A stone displaced by accident, or the chirp of a bird, made me start; for I knew not how soon Bruin would be upon me, or whence he might come. In a stealthy manner I had climbed about half way to the summit. Resting on a kind of ledge, I discovered, by drawing myself along on my stomach, that I could peep out over and see what was going on. Just below me, on a flat rock, Quelp was on his knees, his gun at his shoulder, levelled into a large crevice, whilst emerging from a hole behind him was a gigantic grizzly. I could see with horror that a single bound was only needed. The glittering eye, rounded back, every muscle quivering with rage and ferocity, told in language not to be mistaken that the bound would follow in a second, and that poor faithful Quelp's tenure of life would be speedily ended.

The flash of Quelp's gun, and at the same instant a dark mass rolling down over the rocks, seemed to be simultaneous events. The bear had sprung upon him as he fired, and with such force as to carry him over the rocks, and down upon the grassy slope. Seizing my rifle, reckless of all consequences, I leapt from rock to rock, shouting wildly for Satellite. Before me I saw the bear and Indian rolling rapidly one over the other down the hill; the shrieks of the savage, mingled with the hoarse growls of the bear, fell distinctly on my ear. To fire would be sheer insanity, as one would be just as likely to hit the Indian as the bear. The trunk of a large pine tree lay just ahead of them, against which I saw they must roll and stop. For poor Quelp I had not the faintest hope; all I thought of was shooting the ferocious beast. To get a good chance at close quarters, I ran so as to get the lower side of the tree, thinking the bear would be so occupied with his victim that I should be enabled to skulk upon him unnoticed. Bang came the pair against the tree, with a momentum that providentially sent the bear clear over the stump, leaving Quelp on the upper side. The beast was soon on his legs, growling savagely; and, champing like an enraged bear, he began hunting round for his lost victim. By this time I too had reached the stump, and was within twenty yards of the bear. I knew he would charge viciously the moment he saw me, and, should I miss, my chance of escape was but small. Fortunately for me, the animal espied Satellite, who preferred looking on from a safe distance to that of risking a clawing. Turning round to rush at the Indian, the beast brought his side fairly towards me. Dropping on my knees, and resting my rifle on the fallen tree, I drew a "steady bead" on him; the leaden messenger, true to its mission, entered the chest just behind the elbow; the blood gushed from both mouth and nostrils. An instinct seemed to tell the huge brute that if once he fell, it was never to rise again; with legs placed wide apart, and rocking from side to side, he made the hills echo with his terrible groans. Savage beast as he was I felt for him, and, to end his miseries, sent a second bullet through his head, that rolled him over lifeless amongst the raspberry bushes where he had so recently regaled himself and eaten his last supper.

The first thing was to look after poor Quelp—not that I expected to find a spark of life remaining. The Satellite coming boldly down, now that Bruin was settled, and all danger over, assisted to carrying the maimed Indian from beneath the tree, under which he had burrowed like a marmot. A more pitiable object I never beheld. His back, literally scored by the powerful claws of the bear, his body bruised from the bear's hugging, and tumbling over and over in his rotatory journey down the hill, added to the fall from the rocks, had well-nigh scared him out of his senses.

I was satisfied, after a careful surgical examination, that he had a chance of recovery; but I have found, in severe injuries from wild beasts, that the shock to the system is generally more dangerous than the wounds.

We soon extemporised a litter, and, after a most trying journey down the mountain, at last succeeded in reaching the canoe. Laying the wounded man in the bottom of it, we paddled down to the Indian village, the squaws taking immediate possession of the patient. As they are most skillful nurses, and most practised hands in all cases of injury arising from teeth, knife, or arrows, I felt sure his chance of living was far from hopeless.

Four canoes were manned at once, by redskinned hunters, to return for the dead bear, and to find the one Quelp had fired at when so suddenly pounced upon by an unseen foe. The wily old hunter had spied one of the bears asleep amidst the rocks, and, when I peeped over the ledge, was in the act of firing at her, little dreaming the other was so close behind him. The old chief in person accompanied us, taking me in his canoe—not that a chief is a whit cleaner or better dressed than his subjects, but he has a kind of questionable authority, due to the possession of more property than any other in his tribe.

On reaching the scene of Quelp's disaster, the bear I had shot—an old male, of huge proportions—lay stiff and rigid, terrible even in death. The other, which turned out to be the female, had been badly wounded by Quelp, but had dragged herself out and reached the wood. She was easily traced by the drops of blood that thickly bespattered the ground. After a brief search in the forest, an Indian spied her sitting up, licking the wound in her side. It was left to me to shoot her; walking up very near, I sent a bullet through her heart. A convulsive shudder shook her massive frame, and, like her liege lord, she rolled over dead, beneath the shadow of the pine-trees. It took some time and much labor to skin this forest king and queen; but "many hands make light work;" and in grand procession we a second time descended the mountain, bearing with us such trophies of the chase as seldom fall to the lot of a hunter—four feet, armed with such claws as any brave would risk his life to have and wear, and two grizzly skins.

The fate of poor Quelp hung like a gloomy cloud over the sunshine of the achievement. But danger passed is soon forgotten; and he was at length pronounced in a fair way of recovery.

I made the chief a present of one set of claws, and Quelp those of the male bear, that he might wear round his neck the weapons that had so fearfully damaged him and nearly ended his days. Wild with delight, the Indians did war dances and held a grand feast in honor of the "long beard," as I was designated in Savagedom, who had saved their kinsman's life, and presented him with that which, of all things on earth an Indian most prizes—a necklace of grizzly bears' claws.

Good Advice to Men.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motive, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration:—Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been for ever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes its poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman; for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

☞ A contemporary suggests that where there are competing railway lines for the passenger traffic of any section of the country, that one will succeed the best which announces the fact that "baggage will be handled with care and respectful regard for the property rights of owners." It is shameful to see the way in which the "baggage-smashers," as they are called, on some of our railway lines maltreat the baggage of passengers.

☞ A lady has recently died in Bristol, England, who during a life of 84 years, had never tasted animal food, and enjoyed good health all the time.

☞ A child was born blind in Pear Yan a few days ago. Its eyelids were cut open by a doctor, and now the child sees perfectly.

☞ Mr. Dickens is pestered by applications for his autograph. Three secretaries are employed to send the following printed answer to applicants:—"To comply with your modest request would not be reasonably possible."

☞ Marvellously cheap editions of their principal poets can now be had by the Germans, owing to the expiration of the copyrights. Schiller's poems, neatly printed on good paper, are sold for five cents.

☞ A party of religionists who have recently been making demonstrations in Newark, N. J., are all declared to be partially insane by the doctors. The chief of them, a man named McKeen, declared himself to be Jesus Christ, and demands to be crucified, while Mrs. Reeves, the oldest woman of the party, believes herself to be either Eve or the Virgin Mary. They were in the habit of haranguing multitudes on the doctrine of spiritualism from their door steps while in an almost nude state. They are at present in confinement.

☞ Dolly Davenport, having read over fifty obituary notices of himself, cut out from Northern newspapers, and forwarded to New Orleans, has come to the conclusion that he must be really dead, and now signs himself accordingly, "Yours, truly, A. H. Davenport, deceased."

☞ Lola Monter's old lover, ex-King Louis, of Bavaria, has an extensive family of 51 children whom he does not acknowledge. That is doing worse than Brigham Young—for Young does acknowledge and support his large family.

☞ A singular expression of sympathy has been offered by "An Ulsterman," who writes to a Dublin paper, as follows:—"Dear Sir—I beg to forward you the inclosed two shillings for the relief of the three Irishmen executed in Manchester last Saturday."

☞ Out of five young men in Berlin, Prussia, who recently tried to go a week without sleep, three died.

THE SECRET.

She could not whisper one least word;
  Too many listeners hovered nigh;
But though her dear lips never stirred,
  I well could read her speechful eye.
And now with stealthy step I come
  And seek thy shades, thou darling grove!
Here will I build my hermit-home,
  Here veil from prying eyes my love.

The city's voice of many tones
  Resoundeth in the sweltering day;
Wheels roll, as 'twere, o'er muffled stones,
  And far-off hammers faintly bray;
So wring the o'er-anxious crowd with toil
  From earth's hard breast their bitter bread,
While blessings flow from heaven like oil
  On each serene believer's head!

Yet, breathe it not, what holy joy,
  What bliss in love and faith may be;
The world will mock thee, and destroy
  The inmost life of heaven in thee!
Not in thy words, not on thy brow,
  Should glow the soul of thy desire;
Deep in thy heart's recesses thou
  Must feed, unseen, the sacred fire!

Flee where nor light nor man intrudes!
  Love lives for night and silentness;
Love's dearest haunts are solitudes
  Where sandaled feet fall echoless.
Love's home is in the land of dream,
  For there, through truth's eternal power,
Its life is glassed in every stream,
  And symbolized by every flower!

Hope is Never Lost.

In one of our suburban cities lived an old maid over seventy years old, who never gave up the idea but she should get an offer before she died. She applied last year for admission in the Old Ladies' Home, and was received, after paying the usual fee, and what little money she had, over into the matron's hands for safe keeping. One morning she called the matron, and told her that there was one thing that troubled her mind very much, and she would like her assistance.

"With the greatest pleasure; pray what is it?"

"Well, it is this: if I should have an offer of marriage, and accept it, could I get my money back when I leave?"

"By all means, madam."

"O, then I am perfectly contented!"

THE LOTTERY SYSTEM.—Liverpool, it appears, has lotteries similar to those in our own city. They are known as "monster sweeps," and are drawn weekly, at least 20,000 tickets for each being sold, at a shilling apiece. Of this, twopence is given back to each purchaser, in refreshments, tobacco or beer. These tickets are sold mainly to the laboring classes and the poor. The weekly profits to the managers are estimated at about five hundred dollars, or some $25,000 or $26,000 a year; while the poor dupes get, for the most part, twopence worth of tobacco and beer each for their investments. A proprietor of one of these lottery and beer establishments died lately, worth, it is said, $600,000. The only people who ever make by lotteries are those who get them up.

TO SAVE LIFE AT SEA.—An English newspaper states that some interesting and very successful experiments, for the purpose of saving life at sea, were made lately in the presence of thousands of spectators, at Holyhead, in Wales. A Mr. Rees, who has a patented system, went through three evolutions. In the first, he threw himself on the water and was buoyed up by a very simple air-tight dress, and, amid great plaudits, paddled himself along at the rate of three miles an hour. This would, in the opinion of experienced seamen, be of immense service in case of shipwreck, or indeed whenever life is endangered on water. His second evolution was somersaults, and the third, walking upright in the sea.

CONCERNING CHIGNONS.—An English chancery suit, recently commenced, has developed some facts concerning the construction of chignons and other hirsute deceptions. Thus it appears that mohair, or the hair of the lama goat, is largely used for headdresses, moustaches and waterfalls. It is first boiled until all the animal matter is extracted, then washed in a hot bath of salt and water; then it is plunged into a bath with sulphate of copper, where it remains twenty-four hours; then it is boiled in catechu liquor, to which, after a while, sulphate of iron is added; finally it is washed in warm soap-suds, and then dried.

DEBT.—Here is what Horace Greeley says about running into debt:—"Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to spare either of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is—never to run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe a man a dollar."

MARRIAGE.—The fashion now is at church weddings to stretch a broad white ribbon across the aisle up which the bridal party pass, above which none but invited guests are allowed to sit. The bridesmaids enter in pairs unattended by gentlemen—the groom with his future mother-in-law, the bride with her father. Two of the groomsmen precede the whole party, and the others follow it. After the ceremony, each of them gives an arm to one of the maids, as the party leaves the church. At least, such is the latest Philadelphia fashion.—*Exchange.*

FEVER.—Dr. Henry M. Field, of New York, concludes a paper on "The Continued Fever" of that city, with the following pithy statement, which, it is said, contains in a nutshell the substance of the best professional opinion at the present day:—"We cannot cure fever. No man ever cured fever. It will often cure itself. If you keep the patient alive long enough, he will get well himself."

Aaron Burr—His Death-Bed.

There has been an impression that Aaron Burr refused to converse upon the subject of religion during his last illness. But this is an error. The writer has received from the daughter of the late venerable Doctor Van Pelt, the following account of Burr's death, related by her father, who visited him when dying:—

Colonel Burr died at the present Port Richmond Hotel, Staten Island, where Dr. Van Pelt frequently visited him during his protracted illness. The time spent with him was chiefly employed in religious conversation, concluding with prayer. Asked as to his views of the Holy Scriptures, Colonel Burr replied—"They were the most perfect system of truth the world had ever seen." Two hours before his death, Dr. Van Pelt informed him that he could not survive much longer, when he replied—"I am aware of it." Dr. Van Pelt thus describes his last moments: "With his usual cordial concurrence and manifest desire, we kneeled in prayer before the throne of Heavenly Grace—imploring God's mercy and blessing. He turned in his bed and put himself in an humble, devotional posture, and seemed deeply engaged in the religious service; thanking me, as usual, for the prayer made for him. Calm and composed, I recommended him to the mercy of God and to the Word of His Grace, with a last farewell. At about two o'clock, P. M., without a groan or struggle, he breathed his last. His death was easy and gentle as a taper in its socket, or a summer's wave that dies upon the shore. Thus died Colonel Aaron Burr."

His last years were spent in comparative obscurity; a few old friends, never deserting him, followed his body to its final resting-place, in the cemetery at Princeton, N. J., where they deposited him alongside, or at the feet, of his reverend father's remains. For years not a stone marked the silent spot; but a plain white marble monument has been placed there, by the same kind hands who ministered to his wants when in retirement, sick and dying.

What a strange history was Aaron Burr's! At one time carried along on the wave of popular favor, the chief magistracy of the great republic seemed almost within his very grasp, but not securing it, he became the second officer of the Government, the Vice-President of the United States. How rapid and lofty his rise, and his fall how sudden and entire! After the fatal duel with General Hamilton, he was indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey; by flight sought a refuge in the South, living in obscurity there until the meeting of Congress, when again he appears as President of the United States Senate. His term of office expired, he goes West and becomes the master-spirit of an ambitious scheme to invade Mexico. But he is brought back a prisoner of State to Richmond, charged with high treason, was tried and acquitted. This happened in the year 1808; and only fifty-two years old, his locks were quite silvered, but his form still erect; his eye sparkled with undiminished radiance. His trial was one of the most remarkable in our nation's history. John Randolph, of Roanoke, the illustrious orator, was the foreman of the Grand Jury, and the eminent John Marshall the presiding judge. Not less than five lawyers, with the prisoner himself, appeared in the defence. The fifty witnesses were sworn, and their tedious cross-examination disclosed depths of perjury. Still, the Government, after every attempt, failed to obtain a conviction. Aaron Burr, a man of plots and conspiracies, was acquitted, but ruined. From the public indignation, however, he was compelled to leave his native land. Looked upon with suspicion in England, he retired to France, there living in reduced circumstances, and at times not able to procure a meal.

Thus an alien for several years, he obtained from Jeremy Bentham the means to return home, and landing at Boston without a cent, he found himself still an object of distrust to all. Since his departure to Europe he had received no tidings of his beautiful, accomplished, and devoted daughter Theodosia. She had married, in 1800, Governor Allston, of South Carolina, and the first news he now heard was that his grandchild, her only son, in whom his soul delighted, had died, while he was an outcast. She had been married young, when her father had reached the zenith of his fame. She was not only a lady of rare endowments, but of the most refined feelings, an elegant writer, devoted as a wife and mother, and a most dutiful and affectionate daughter. As the clouds of sorrow and adversity gathered around him, and he was deserted by friends he had formerly cherished, she clung with redoubled affection to her father's terrible fortunes, while the dark clouds of sorrow and adversity gathered around him.

Upon his arrival, Colonel Burr immediately informed Mrs. Allston of it, when she promised to meet him in New York in a few weeks. She had now become his all on earth—wife, grandchild and friends were all gone, and this precious daughter alone remained to welcome him from his exile and cheer the evening of his checkered and sorrowful life. Days and months passed away without any intelligence from his daughter, when he grew more and more impatient, almost doubting the sincerity of her affection. At last, however, he received a letter from Governor Allston, stating that she had sailed some weeks before for New York in a vessel expressly chartered by him for the purpose.

But this vessel never arrived; undoubtedly all on board perished at sea, as no tidings have ever since been heard of her fate. Now Burr's last link of life was broken and his cup of sorrow full! The mysterious uncertainty of her death greatly increased the poignancy of his accumulated grief, and hope, the last refuge of the afflicted and the bereaved, became extinct as years rolled on.

☞ Gold has been discovered in gravel deposits in California, and they are said to be so valuable that the yield of gold from that State will be considerably increased in the future.

☞ In France, there has been introduced a new gold coin. On one side is stamped "5 dollars—25 francs." This is the first step towards a universal decimal currency, adapted to all nations, and the bill regulating the coinage of the United States, which was introduced into the United States Senate by the Finance Committee, is in accordance with it. It is a first-rate idea.

Kindness to Animals.

Professor Youatt gives the following interesting fact in one of his valuable works:

A horse in the depot at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough riders that at length no one among them durst even mount him. His mode of throwing or dismounting his rider consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crushing his leg against some wall, or post, or paling. All means to break him of these perilous tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought before the commanding officer with the character of being "*incurably vicious*," and with a recommendation, on that account, that he should be sold. Col. Quest, hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thoroughly bred and one of the best-actioned and cleverest horses in the regiment, besought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding troop. This was consented to, and the transfer was no sooner accomplished than Col. Quest determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had already been attempted. He had him led daily into the riding school, suffered no whip ever to be shown to him while there, but petted him, and tried to make him execute the different manœuvres, and as often as he proved obedient, rewarded him with a handful of corn, or beans, or a piece of bread, with which bribes his pockets were invariably well supplied. In this manner, and in no great distance of time, the rebel was not only subdued and tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet that a little child could ride him. He became at length taught to kneel down while his rider mounted, and to perform several evolutions and dances and tricks in the *menage*, which no other horse in the school could be brought to do. In fine, so great a favorite did he become, that his master gave him the appellation of "The Darling."

Dead-Heads.

Mr. Howard Paul, in an article on free admission, relates his London experience thus: All persons who have connection with theatres or places of amusement are familiar with the wonderful excuses that people invent to procure orders. I have letters every day from persons representing themselves as distinguished actors and popular authors, whose names I have never heard; and as for the young ladies who write and describe themselves as "solo pianists," I fear to state the number, lest my statement should not be credited. A common device is to assume the name in part of some well-known artist, such, for instance, as "Miss Goddard presents her compliments, and would be glad to receive an order for any evening," etc. I was standing at the box entrance of the Strand Theatre a few evenings since, when a smartly-dressed man stepped up to the check-taker, and with a most insinuating smile and a *pose* quite dramatic, said—"Mr. Terry—can I pass?" The checker looked at me inquiringly, and advancing, I said—"What Terry?" "Mr. Thomas Terry," he replied; "I suppose it's all right!" As I had a slight knowledge of the Terry family, I said, half jokingly, for I saw by the man's manner that he was trying it on—"Are you any particular Terry?" "I don't understand you exactly," he replied, with the most unblushing assurance; "I am the same name as the actress." "Indeed," I replied, "that claim is hardly sufficient to pass in here free. Beside, Miss Terry has just retired from the London stage, and I think it would be a good idea if you imitated her example. Good evening, Mr. Terry." "Good evening;" and the *soi-disant* Terry trotted down stairs in as radiant a manner as he ascended. I have heard numerous curious and far-fetched reasons given for avoiding payment at places of public amusement, but Mr. Terry's is the most original I have heard of for a long time.

From "The World," N. Y. City.

The Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, have lately received a full cargo of the famous Japanese tea, by the ship Golden State, from Yokohama, as well as a cargo of the Chinese herb, from Foochow, by the George Shotton. These are the largest consignments of tea ever made to an American house.

☞ As a piece of valuable scientific information, the invention of a new oil is noted in Paris. It is possessed of a most marvellous faculty of transudation. Placed on the palm of the hand, it almost immediately appears on the back, and traverses the entire thickness of the body, even when covered with linen. The inventor asserts, therefore, the possibility of its aid in making local applications of iodine to diseased lungs. In the meantime a certain difficulty is suggested by the properties of this marvellous oil, analogous to that mentioned by Newton, when some one told him he had found a universal solvent: "In what vase will you put it?" inquired the mathematician. "What could hold oil warranted to pass through everything."

☞ The Saturday Review thinks it is somewhat humiliating to reflect that eminence cannot be attained, even in the art of knocking about three ivory balls with a stick, without the devotion of a lifetime. No arrant fool can play chess or whist well; but a billiard table is part of the furniture of every well regulated lunatic asylum. Chess demands brains; billiards merely demands steady nerves and correct eyesight. The art of billiards is not merely to make strokes, but to leave balls so that further strokes can be made.

☞ One night lately at the theatre, a gentleman felt the pressure of two feminine feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful. It made inexpressibly delicious thrills pass through his body; but these sensations wore away, and the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable. "Madam!" he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet." "Your feet, sir!" "Yes, madam." "Goodness! I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I was standing on a block of wood—*they are quite large, sir?*" "Quite—*but you covered 'em, madam.*"

☞ Some one has taken the trouble to count the number of battles that were fought during the late war, and the figures are 232. Of these sixteen were naval engagements.

☞ "Honesty is the best policy"—though it sometimes keeps a man poor.

LAST winter, when Bishop —— was making his annual visitation to the churches of his diocese, he came to ——. A little boy overheard some ladies, returning from church, make certain complimentary remarks about the bishop. One thought him very handsome; another that his appearance was angelic. Knowing that the bishop was to be at his father's house after service, the boy went home, and after being some time with his mother, asked where the bishop was. Mother answered, "with papa, in the other room." The little man opened the door, peeped into the "other" room, and beheld the paternal and the bishop enjoying their weeds. After staring a little, he returned to mamma and the ladies, and asked what "angelic" meant. On being told, he said: "Ma, do all the angels sit in parlors, *with their feet up on the table, and smoke cigars?*"

☞ A SEASONABLE SOLUTION.—Why "merry Christmas" and "happy New Year;" and why not the conditions transposed? When the little folks ask you this question, tell them that merriment is only proper as a temporary condition, and hence is only desirable for a day—Christmas Day. But happiness is for a longer period, and therefore is appropriate as applied to a period—a New Year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been more active. 500 bbls of Missouri family sold at $12,50; 1000 bbls northwest at $10@11,50, and 7000 at $7,50@8,50 for superfine; $8,75@9,50 for extra; $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $12@14,25 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $8,50@9 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. Sales of 25,000 bus of Penna and southern red at $2,60 for choice amber; $2,40@2,55 for fair to prime; $2,20@2,35 for common, and 2000 bus of white at $2,80@2,90 ℔ bus, as to quality. Rye—Sales of 3000 bus Penna at $1,65@1,70 ℔ bus. Corn—10,000 bus of old yellow sold at $1,27@1,40; 10,000 bus of new Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,13@1,21, as to condition; 40,000 bus of new western mixed at $1,27@1,22. Oats—40,000 bus sold at 75@80c ℔ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Pork at $21,50 for old, and $22,50 for new; $19,50 for prime do; and $18 for prime. Mess Beef, City packed, sells at $22@22,50. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 15@16½c; Sides are taken, in lots, at 12½@13½c, and Shoulders at 11½@11½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 13@13½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c. Lard—Sales in tcs and bbls, at 13½@13¾c, and kegs at 13½@14c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@30c; new at 18@70c; and roll at 20@43c. Cheese is quiet; sales at 15½@16c.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 500 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 16@16½c for Uplands, and 17@17½c ℔ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No 1 Quercitron sold at $56 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 29c ℔ ℔.

COAL—There has been little doing. The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ℔ ton for White Ash, and $4,40@4,75 for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 65@75c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 6½@8c. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7½c, and 10,000 ℔s of halves at 9½c ℔ ℔. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ℔ ℔. Green Apples sell at from $4 to $6 ℔ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron is dull; sales of No 1 at $38; No 2 at $36, and $32 to 34 for forge. Manufactured Iron is dull.

SEEDS—In Cloverseed there is rather more doing; 600 bus sold in lots at $7@8 ℔ bus, the latter rate for prime. Timothy is quoted at $2,55@2,60. Flaxseed sells at $2,50 ℔ bus.

WOOL—There is very little doing; small sales are reported at from 54 to 55c for double extra; 49@50c for extra; 43@45c for fine; 40@42c for medium; 36@40c for coarse; 40@42c for tub washed; 28@35c for extra Western pulled, and 20@28c ℔ ℔ for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 9½@19½ cts ℔ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ℔ head. Sheep—8000 head were disposed of at from 5@8½ cts ℔ ℔. 2500 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to 11,50 ℔ 100 ℔s.

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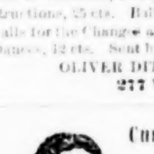

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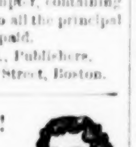

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in this paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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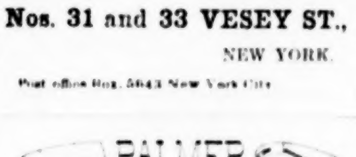

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TRUE, BUT STRANGE.—Any person sending us their address, with 20 cents, will receive, by mail, the Name and a Carte de Visite of their future Wife or Husband. REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. oct26-3m

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JEALOUS KITTY.

What, jealous? Dear Kitty, can that be the case?
Let a mere idle thought set your head in a whirl?
Come, sit down beside me, and dry that sweet face,
And hear my defence, like a sensible girl.

Like the sun when long gazed at, thy form on my mind
Is burnt in so deep that my sight it obscures;
So when a strange girl flits across me, I find
That I catch the fresh figure as though it were yours.

And thus when I flattered your wild cousin Jane,
And praised the soft eyes of her young sister Sue,
'Twas your beauty, dearest, that, filling my brain,
Made me think they possessed what I know adorns you.

Then try, dearest Kitty, this folly to stem;
I am sure your fair cousins need raise no alarms,
For you see, love, the praises I lavish on them
Are but tributes I pay to the power of your charms. H. J. B.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Model Office Holder.

Speaking of Washington reminds us of an incident that shows how applicants for office are rewarded when the appointing power is an expert. A member of Congress from one of the New York districts said to his friend, who was Clerk of the House—

"Here is a good fellow that ought to be provided for; can't you do something for him?"

"Don't see how I can; haven't a place vacant."

"Well, *make* a place."

"Didn't think of that; perhaps I can. Let me see—ah! yes—there's a man down stairs who runs the steam-engine that pumps air through the ventilators; I can make your friend an *assistant-engineer*, at $1,200 a year," which was done.

A day or two afterward the new appointee happened, oddly enough, to be down in the engine-room (it was the only time, the place being a sinecure), when a gentleman, who was curious to know something of the mode by which the Capitol was ventilated, walked in, and, after looking at the engine, said—

"A very nice engine! Of how many horse-power is it?"

"Horse-power! It ha'n't got no horse-power at all—*it goes by steam!*"

A Persistent Customer.

"Buy any butter, here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry-goods store in a certain city, and looked much like a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell.

"No, sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."

"Want to buy any eggs?"

"No, sir; we keep a dry-goods store here."

"So! Wa-al, then may be you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty sight nicer, too?"

"No, sir; I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry-goods."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice fat shoulder of pork?"

"I tell you, sir, we deal in dry-goods exclusively, here."

"Wa-al, what'll you give for *dried peaches?*"

Too Appropriate.

There was a great wedding in a neighboring city, in a family which was exceedingly numerous. The bridal party, with the clergyman, were gathered in a small boudoir that opened into the main parlor by folding doors. In this main parlor were gathered a great crowd of the relatives, all belonging to this proverbially numerous family. The sliding of the doors was a signal for the beginning of the services. Immediately upon their unfolding and revealing to the bridal party the numerous company gathered to witness the ceremony, the minister began his prayer thus: "Lord, what a multitude"—before he could add "of mercies," the invited guests had caught an idea very different from that intended, and were so amused as to lose half the solemnity of the occasion.

Eclipses of the Moon.

We have a little revelation from Springfield, Massachusetts. A lady, young, attractive, and just married, left her home in that city and went into the country accompanied by her husband. Soon after her *debut* as Mrs. H—— she attended a sewing society. After the usual subjects of conversation had received attention the lunar eclipse was alluded to.

"Mrs. H——, did you sit up to see it, eh?"

"No, I did not," was the reply; "Mr. H—— sat up. In Springfield, where I came from, they are *such* a bore—*we have them so often!*"

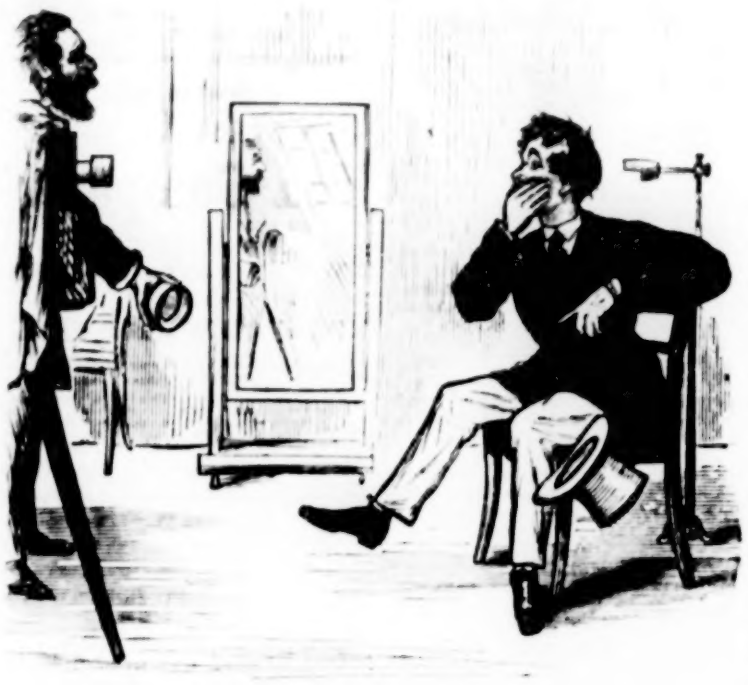
PRINTERS' ERRORS.—An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

——"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side;"

but to his inexpressible horror it came out in print:

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

MORE WHISKEY.—At a recent meeting in Kentucky, held for the purpose of helping along the building of a railroad, one of the speakers, remarking that the Ohio River was getting too low for navigation, and warming with animation, said, with great emphasis—"We are getting short of water!" Pausing a moment to recover his thoughts (or wind), he was surprised to see an inebriated Kentuckian arise and say—"All you've got [hic] to do then, is to [hic] *put in more whiskey!*"



PRACTICAL JOKING.

It's too bad of Flarrup, because he ought to know better; but he goes as if "a young man from the country," to have his photograph taken, manages to make the operator dissatisfied with the first half-dozen, and then—making a great pretence of being very careful this time—keeps a sharp look-out, and as soon as the poor man removes the cap from the lens, drops his hat, and rubs his nose as if greatly relieved, and asks, innocently, "If it's all over yet, sir?"!!!

THE THREE KISSES.

I have three kisses in my life,
So sweet and sacred unto me,
That now till death dews rest on them,
My lips shall kissless be.

One kiss was given in childhood's hour,
By one who never gave another;
In life and death I still shall feel
That last kiss of my mother.

The second burned my lips for years,
For years my wild heart reeled in bliss
At every memory of the hour
When my lips felt young Love's first kiss.

The last kiss of the sacred three
Had all the woe which e'er can move
The heart of woman—it was pressed
Upon the dead lips of my love.

When lips have felt the dying kiss,
And felt the kiss of burning love,
And kissed the dead—then never more
In kissing should they think to move?

Belgian Dogs.

The dogs of Belgium perform so important a part in the every-day traffic of the city, being, in fact, the "beasts of burden" of the common people, that we cannot omit a brief notice of them. All the milk used in Antwerp is brought hither in dog carts, filled with rows of shining brass cans, which are conveyed from house to house until their contents are exhausted; then the milk woman supplies the absence of the weight of the lacteal fluid with her own substantial person, and the little team goes jogging homeward to the country. These carts are sometimes of a very considerable size, and may be seen, filled with barrels, or bundles of wood, under which circumstances the motive power is increased to six or seven dogs, three and four abreast, tugging and pulling at their great burden, their poor little bodies swaying to and fro in their efforts, and their general appearance and expression—for dogs have expressive faces—exciting the sympathies of every humane person. When overcome by fatigue, hunger and thirst, they lie down in harness and resolutely refuse to move until they are fed; an instance of which we had an opportunity of witnessing one evening as we were riding on the Longchamps. A leaden team was coming in from the country to attend the next day's market, when, just as we were passing, a most piteous howl broke from one of the dogs, which was echoed by the others, and all stood still in the middle of the road, some crouching on their haunches and some prostrating themselves on the ground, with their tongues lolling from their heated mouths. The man who had them in charge cracked his whip in vain, and then, finding all efforts useless, unharnessed them, when, in an instant, the whole line bounded down the grassy bank of the rampart, and plunged into the cool water of the moat. Here they stood for some moments refreshing their heated bodies, catching at the water with their mouths, and seeming to toss it above their heads, when a shrill, prolonged whistle from their master caused them to rush suddenly up the bank, and ere long the team appeared again in sight, trotting merrily onward toward the bridge. Their owner, on the occasion of their hungry demands, supplies them with pieces of coarse, brown bread, which he carries on the cart, and it is a common sight to see him standing in front of his team, dealing to one and another the mouthful which they eagerly devour.—*Correspondence of N. Y. Citizen.*

The Oldest Relic of Humanity.

The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, incased in its original burial robes and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it; the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide mark of the deluge would scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patrician! His bones and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

☞ Buy fair, sell fair, and love the fair. By so doing, you will stand a fair chance of leading a fair life.

AGRICULTURAL.

Hems.

—A fine location for a choice fruit tree or a grape vine, may be found just outside the barn yard fence, in a position where the roots will be within reach of liquid manure. The south side of the barn or cow shed is sometimes occupied by burdocks and other weeds, although grape vines, raspberry canes or currant bushes, etc., might be grown there with much advantage.

—Several neighboring farmers lately met in Champaign county, Ill., to compare results of their farming operations. In respect to corn raising they made an estimate based on the daily wages of men and teams, which seemed to show that at the present time corn cannot be raised for less than fifty cents a bushel, unless over forty bushels to the acre can be obtained, which amount was considered a full average for the western part of that county.

—A cheese is on exhibition in New York which weighs 7,000 pounds, and contains the substance of 36 tons of milk, equal to one milking of 7,000 cows. Its dimensions are: Diameter 6 feet 10 inches; thickness 3 feet, and circumference 21 feet.

—"Wool Grower" writes the Prairie Farmer that he has about come to the conclusion that the only way in which we can be free from the necessity for "middle men" in the wool business, will be the institution of large wool fairs or markets, where the growers and all classes of buyers are brought together.

—It is said that the roots of trees die in proportion to the severity with which the tops are pruned. This is the reason why street trees, constantly trimmed at the top, often lean over, having very little roots to sustain them.

—The farmers in a portion of Iowa are said to have over one hundred thousand bushels of surplus wheat stored away, under the impression that higher prices will rule during the winter and spring.

—Tan bark is a good winter protection for strawberries, as it not only shields them from the rigors of the winter, but contains tannic acid, an ingredient which imparts strength and vigor to the plants.

—In Benton county, Ind., there is a farm of 24,000 acres owned by Messrs. Fowler & Earl. They design it to be used entirely in preparing cattle for market. When the whole tract has been brought into proper condition, it is expected 8,000 cattle can be fed on it.

—A grindstone should not be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the wood work, but the sun's rays harden the stone so much as in time to render it useless. Neither should it stand in the water in which it runs, as the part remaining in water softens so much that it wears unequally—"out of true."

—Mr. A. E. Trabue, of Hamilton, Mo., has recently purchased a considerable number of short-horns from well-known herds in the blue grass regions of Kentucky. The average price paid for 13 heifers and heifer calves was something over $200.

—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, at Gardner, Kansas, says a cattle dealer in that place reports that he has bought 450 head of cattle, from one to four years old, for $3,700, or only a little over $8 per head. Beef is plenty there at two and a half cents a pound.

—A mixture of three parts of lard and one of rosin, melted together, is one of the best coatings for all steel or iron implements. The lard makes the rosin soft, while the latter is a sure preventive against rusting. The mixture is good for ploughs, hoes, axes, indeed for all tools and implements, as well as knives and forks packed away.

—A comparative statement of prices in New York, Philadelphia, Paris, London, Berlin and other prominent cities in all parts of the world, shows that New York is the most expensive on the globe in the matter of food. The whole cause of this social misfortune lies in the fact that the food itself comes to the consumers through too many middlemen, all of whom must make their per centage.

—For threshing wheat in Iowa, six cents per bushel has been the ruling price paid the last season to the owner of the machine, he finding three men and six horses, and the owner of the wheat finding five men and four horses, and feeding and boarding the whole.

Health of Cows.

Good health in domestic animals is always a matter of primary importance.

As bad health in parents transmits a tendency to disease in the offspring, it is important that every kind of animal we desire to continue on our farms should be kept vigorous and healthy.

As domestic animals are a source of human food, it is of great importance to preserve them in a healthy condition. Diseased meat carries its qualities into the stomach of its consumer. It is a serious objection which vegetarians urge against the use of animal food, that the artificial circumstances in which animals live, and the bad treatment they receive, render them unhealthy. As an unhealthy animal does not consume food to as good advantage as a well one, it is economical to avoid disease.

As comparative misery and discomfort accompany disease, it is human as well as economical to see that the animals under our care enjoy as far as possible their creature comforts.

Each of these circumstances is a sufficient reason for guarding with scrupulous care the health of the animals we feed; but when we derive milk from animals, it is doubly important that they are kept free from every objectional taint. A sickly cow not only yields a diminished profit, but she yields a sickly milk, and sickly in a higher degree than her flesh.

If a cow eats anything that has a strong or disagreeable odor, it appears in her milk.

If a cow eats anything medicinal, it comes out in her milk.

If she is feverish, her milk shows it.

If she has sores about her, pus may be found in her milk.

If she is fed upon decayed or diseased food, her milk, since it is derived from her food, will be imperfect. It is as impossible to make good milk from bad food, as to make a good building from rotten timber.—*Little Falls Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Put a pint of Lima beans, a half a dozen large tomatoes, two teacupfuls of corn cut from the cob, a few snap beans, and two teaspoonfuls of dried ochra, into five quarts of water, with three slices of lean ham. Boil for two hours, and season with salt and pepper. Remove the ham before sending to table. Thicken with yellow of egg and a little flour.

A nice winter-soup is made by boiling a few slices of lean ham, half a pint of dried Lima beans, a few heads of celery cut up, and turnips and potatoes sliced thin. A fourth of a teacupful of dried ochra will be a nice addition, and a grated carrot, or half a teacupful of stewed tomatoes, preserved in cans, will improve the color. If thickening is required, add some made of browned flour and water. Two tablespoonfuls of pepper-sauce will improve it. Put it in after it is in the tureen.

CELERY SAUCE FOR COLD TURKEY.—Boil six eggs until they are hard, and drop into cold water to prevent the whites from discoloring. Mash the yolks to a smooth paste, with three tablespoonfuls of cold water, three tablespoonfuls of oil, one of mustard, and four of good vinegar. Salt and pepper to your taste. Add half a pint of drawn butter and when all are well mixed, stir in a half a pint of cut celery, and serve at once.

TO ROAST CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.—Having trussed the ducks, put into each a thick piece of soft bread that has been soaked in port wine. Place them before a quick fire and roast them from three-quarters to an hour. Before they go to table, squeeze over each the juice of a lemon or orange; and serve them up very hot with their own gravy about them. Eat them with currant jelly. Have ready also a gravy made by stewing slowly in a saucepan the giblets of the ducks in butter rolled in flour and as little water as possible. Serve up this additional gravy in a boat.

OYSTER PIE.—Strain the liquor from the oysters, and put it on to boil with butter, and pepper, and a thickening of bread-crumbs and milk well beaten together, and after boiling a few minutes, throw in the oysters. Let them remain five minutes, take them off, and when warm add the beaten yolks of three eggs. Line a buttered dish with a rich paste, and fill with white paper or a clean napkin, to support a lid of paste, and bake it. When lightly browned, take off the lid, remove the napkin, pour in the oysters, set a few minutes in the oven, and send to table hot.

PLAIN OYSTER PIE.—Fill a deep dish with two quarts of oysters (uncooked and without the liquor), and season with butter, pepper, salt, and grated bread. Cover with strips of paste crossed. It will require a quick heat for half an hour, to cook it. Three-quarters of a pound of butter to two quarts of oysters, will make a rich pie.

FRENCH CUSTARD.—Take one quart of milk, flavor it with the peel of about half a small lemon, pared very thin, and sweetened to taste with white sugar. Boil it, and leave it to get quite cold. Then blend with it three tablespoonfuls of fine flour, and two eggs well beaten. Simmer it until it is of the proper thickness, stirring it the whole time. Pour into cups, or a custard dish.

TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS FROM FURNITURE.—Rub the spots with pulverized pumice-stone wet with water, and then with buckskin moistened with sweet oil; or, put a piece of paper on the spot, and hold a warm iron over it and rub with an oiled cloth.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 2, 4, 3, 6, is a vehicle.
My 1, 7, 8, is a near relative.
My 8, 7, 3, 6, 7, 5, is a man's name.
My whole is the name of a prosperous city.
E. CLARK.

Riddle.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first—
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body He did make complete,
But without legs or arms or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
And I was made without a soul.

A living being I became,
'Twas Adam that gave me my name,
Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.

I did my Maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray,
Thousands of miles I ran I fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

But God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me,
A son of me my God did claim,
And took from me my soul again.

But when from me the soul was fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hand or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard both day and night,
To fallen men I give great light;
Thousand people both young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see;
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave nor hell below.

The Scriptures I cannot believe,—
If right or wrong, I can't conceive;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me an empty sound.

And now, my friend, these lines you read,
And search the Scriptures with all speed,
And if my name you don't find there,
I'll think it strange I must declare.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose A, B, C, D, to be a square, and S a spring in an adjoining field, 30 rods from A, 20 rods from B, and 40 rods from C. What is the length of the side of the square?
E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Expectation Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gamester throws 9 dice upon condition that he shall have a dollar for every ace he turns up. Required—the value of his expectation. ARTEMUS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When are skipping lambs like library volumes? Ans.—When they are boundin' sheep.

☞ What part in "Massaniello" could a dog execute? Ans.—The barc-a-role.

☞ Why is the letter D like a squalling child? Ans.—Because it makes ma mad.

☞ What is short metre? The nearest way to your sweetheart's house.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Marietta. ENIGMA—Carpenter.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 24—In 284 days. W. H. Morrow, E. Searson and W. H. Sands. 302 days. V. W. Heath.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—7° 17′ 28″. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Nov. 9th—26.2721536 inches. W. H. Morrow and Melville.

Answer to W. T. Totten's PROBLEM of same date—To raise it to the surface would require 972 11-112 tons, to raise it out would require 1530 11-112 tons, which is the same as the weight of the monument. W. T. Totten. Taking the specific gravity at 2.75, $\frac{20 \times 20 \times 150}{3} \times \frac{1000}{16 \times 20 \times 12} = 2.75 =$ 1718.75 tons, required to raise it out of the water, and the weight of an equal bulk of water, 625 tons—1718.75—625=1093.75 tons, to raise it to the surface. Melville.

EDITOR POST—The answer given by J. S. Phebus, in to-day's Post, to my problem published September 7, 1867, is not correct. A distance of 100 yards west of the station is the point due north of the pine. From this point in a line parallel with the line between the station and pine is another point P, 45 yards distant. A perpendicular line drawn from P, will not hit the pine, neither will it be parallel to the line between the elm and oak, as required by the problem.
Yours truly, E. P. NORTON.
November 23, 1867.

SMART SMUGGLERS.—Smuggling between Switzerland and France is reduced to a science. You buy a watch of a Geneva watchmaker. He asks you, "Will you take it with you, or shall we deliver it at Paris?" If you answer that you prefer it delivered at Paris, he gives you a note, with which, when you arrive at Paris, you go to an appointed place and receive your watch, as innocent of the payment of duty as when it left the goldsmith's hands in Geneva.